THE WORLD STORM AND BEYOND

EDWIN DAVIES SCHOONMAKER

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BY

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TO

N. M. S.

COMRADE IN
PEACE AND WAR

FOREWORD

I have tried in the following pages to set forth in their historical perspective some of the causes of the great war and also to trace some of its probable consequences. Never in all history was it so difficult to put the significance of a war between the covers of a single book, for aside from the difficulty of distinguishing in the prevailing confusion what is important from what is incidental, never before were so many and such longstanding dynastic, national, and racial ambitions the tools of such complex social forces. Looking out over Europe to-day one sees as from all sides of a vast arena an outrushing of all the wild beasts which for a century society has kept partially pacified. All the problems which we have inherited from the past and have elbowed toward the future, making the present comfortable with compromise, have come out under cover of the storm and are seeking in war those solutions which in peace were seemingly impossible of attainment. It is the flaring up of these long-smoldering aspirations of humanity for larger freedom and better conditions of life that is giving to the present conflict a meaning immeasurably greater and an issue of far vaster consequence than at first could possibly be divined. Indeed, within the past few months, the char-

acter of the war has undergone a surprising change. Starting with an assassination, an attack upon a dynasty, then rushing to a conflict between nations and between races, recently, as though a veil were being slowly lifted, we have become aware that all these are but streams flowing into a sea of a mighty social war. It is not at all improbable that this may be its final name, the Great Social War. For in the absence of the armies upon the borders and under the urgency of keeping them there, reforms nothing short of amazing are swiftly and surely transforming Europe into something which the sociologist will have difficulty in recognizing as the Europe of yesterday. While kings are speaking, humanity is also having its say. A moiety of consolation for a sacrifice so immense. And yet, who knows? Peace has had its curses quite as blighting as war.

Particularly is it important that America should keep her eyes upon the social changes that are taking place in Europe. For while we are congratulating ourselves upon our good fortune in that peace is still with us, we are in imminent danger of losing sight of the fact that the present war has lessons for us beyond field operations and armament construction. For if when the conflict is ended we are wiser only in defending our shores from a foreign foe, we shall find beyond doubt that Europe has marched through blood and death into a new and better age and that America has been left hopelessly behind.

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FROM CÆSAR TO KAISER

THE WORLD STORM AND BEYOND

I

FROM CÆSAR TO KAISER

NOTHING is more striking to the student of history, especially to one interested in the growth of institutions, than to watch through the centuries the specter of Cæsar moving northward over Europe. The shadow of a dark cloud passing over a field on a clear day in summer is not more visible to the physical eye than is this other shadow that gathered head over Rome two thousand years ago, spread out for a time east and west and south, but finally all but withdrew itself from these quarters, and made northward like a thing that had at last found its way. It is not by mere chance that the German Emperor wears to-day the title of Kaiser, a modification of Cæsar, or that his royal cousin to the north wears the title of Czar, another modification of the same name.

Nor is it strange that this old title should have entirely disappeared from the South, where it originated.

Taking the world as a whole, the movement of civilization, with all its paraphernalia, good and evil, is westward; but taking Europe by itself, the movement is northward. Italy, France, Germany, Russia—these are the successive steps of civilization on the continent of Europe. And over these in this order the shadow and the sunlight have passed and are passing. England, separated from the Continent geographically, is also something of a law to itself in the matter of its development, and for this reason chiefly it has escaped the full blight of Cæsarism, and has thus been enabled in times of crisis to come forth as the deliverer of her sister-nations. England is like a rocky shore where the strength of the wave is broken and scattered, whereas on the Continent the surge has had, as it were, an open sea over which it could travel freely to the farthest lands that men have conquered in the North. And looking out over the expanse of history, we can follow this surge of Cæsarism, with its dark shadow of militarism, from its ominous rise in Italy twenty centuries ago; over France, where

it was shattered; over Germany, where it towers to-day; and on up into Russia, where in outward appearance it is piling high for the future.

Let us see what this Cæsarism is that is just now setting Europe in tumult, and under the leadership of the German Kaiser is hurling its might in every direction, as in those old days when Rome flung her legions to every point of the compass.

The first Cæsar, whose name in a modified form is to-day in the mouths of more than one-half of the population of Europe, was the first great Roman to turn the face of his martial nation toward the north. Julius Cæsar was not a man to plow over old fields. Asia and Africa had no attraction for him; and so when it came to choosing a province for his activities, he turned toward the Alps, and led his legions across into Gaul, which is now France. If Julius Cæsar had been simply a man, his name would long ago have been forgotten. But he was more than a man. He was an idea and an ideal, the embodiment of imperial Rome itself, with all that that means—law and unquestioning obedience to law. And with this ideal he came among a people that had al-

ways been a law to themselves, that even in the case of murder had never brooked the interference of their own governments in their private affairs. And it was upon this people—the people that just now on the west bank of the Rhine are in arms against the imperial power of the Kaiser—that imperial Cæsar, two thousand years ago, began welding the Roman yoke. And well he succeeded. Gaul became a Roman province. Roman forts sprang up everywhere, and Roman legions moved quickly to and fro over the marvelous Roman roads.

Cæsarism and militarism—for of course among a freedom-loving people the one cannot exist without the other—had taken their first step northward over Europe. Tribes that up to this time had been accustomed to govern themselves now became accustomed to being governed by others, began to tolerate a law enforced by the sword. And finally they themselves, as soldiers of the Roman Empire, began to assail the freedom of their brothers farther north. But beyond the Rhine they could make no headway against the fierce spirit of liberty of those kindred tribes, and this river soon became recognized as the northern boundary of the empire. But for several centuries more,

over what is now France, the system of the Cæsars, which to-day we call militarism, held sway, slowly consuming the life-blood of the people and itself rotting upon the wealth it absorbed. Then quietly the scepter of the empire in the South passed into the hands of the popes, and the objective of militarism underwent a change. Where of old it had enforced the Roman law, it began now to enforce the Christian faith, by which it was seen that a new hold could be gotten upon peoples that would otherwise slip away.

There is no more interesting chapter of history than that which records this subtle transformation and shows us the native kings of these Northern peoples, although politically they had thrown off the yoke of Rome, continuing to be none the less faithful agents of Rome in the establishment of its new hold upon the North. Cæsarism was still alive, and militarism was still its tool. For several centuries political and religious absolutism went forth from its ancient seat upon the Tiber, until the sprit of the people was broken, especially on the side of the Rhine where the burden had lain long. But in Italy, where it had lain longest, a new day began presently to dawn. The old

German spirit, which had infused itself into the race with the coming of the Lombards, broke out into flame. In vain the German emperors, the representatives of Cæsarism in the North, came down upon them with their armies. The Italian peoples valiantly defended themselves, and liberty was again established in the South. The shadow had passed off.

But over France it still lay dark, and with the passing of the centuries grew darker and darker. "I am the state," proclaimed Louis XIV with an arrogance befitting the most tyrannical of the Cæsars. And his successors, gathering their minions about them in the court at Versailles, fiddled while France was burning —burning underground. For several centuries the political agents of the Cæsars had nominally sat first upon the Swabian and later upon the Austrain throne; but in France, where the people had suffered perhaps more than elsewhere, there was a rumbling and a gathering of mighty forces that were to eject into the arena of European politics a successor of the Cæsars worthy of the name. As in Italy it was a group of free cities that first sprang into new life and kindled the new age, in France it was a group of free men—men with their ears to the ground and

with their pens uttering the agony and the smoldering desperation of France. It is impossible to understand the real character of the encyclopedists and those later fiery leaders of the Revolution without some acquaintance with those old Gauls like Orgetorix and Vercingetorix who, almost eighteen hundred years before, had grappled with the forces of Cæsarism when they first made head beyond the Alps. For these sons of the Revolution were full brothers of those older Gauls, and the foe in both cases was the same. The French Revolution was the long-delayed answer of the conquered Gauls to their conquerors, the Cæsars, now intrenched not in Rome, but in Paris. "Liberty, equality, and fraternity," the battle-cry of the rising people of France, was a refined, philosophic expression of what those dumb Gauls had tried to say with their swords to the advancing legions of Cæsar.

And now arises one of those strange paradoxes of history—a real Cæsar emerging out of the swirl of the Revolution, and gathering its mighty forces into his own person, and in a way turning them from their own great ends, and yet in a deeper way seized by those forces and used to spread their tremendous message

from one end of Europe to the other. Napoleon Bonaparte was beyond question a real Cæsar in his understanding of the power of militarism for the accomplishment of a given end. And the end, too, possibly as far as Napoleon himself could see it, and certainly as far as it touched his own fortunes, was very Cæsaresque. For the armies which he hurled across the Rhine and the Danube and finally on into the heart of the Muscovite empire, bore on their banners the name of Napoleon, as the legions of Cæsar had borne the name of Cæsar, and the power which he saw growing up about him was lifting him to the throne of a new empire, a French empire, just as similar forces, directed in a similar way, had lifted the first Cæsar to the mastery of the Roman empire.

But the paradox is only a seeming one. In the larger social use to which he was put, Napoleon Bonaparte was a true Gaul, a creature of the rising forces of anti-Cæsarism, as the crowned heads of Europe knew very well. He was a tyrant hitched by the Fates to the plow of liberalism, and if his approach produced a shuddering in the bosom of the rulers of Austria and Prussia, and even in that of the Czar, it was chiefly because of this very fact that they

saw behind him the great plowshare of republicanism that threatened to uproot not simply thrones, but, worse still, that reverence of the people upon which their thrones were established. And so it was not against the man Napoleon so much as against the idea behind him that their cannon were loosened. If there was ever any doubt of this during the twenty years in which Napoleon went up and down Europe, scattering everywhere, with the very songs of his soldiers, those firebrands of the French Revolution, liberty, equality, and fraternity, that doubt was dissipated at the Congress of Vienna, which met after Napoleon had been permanently eliminated from the situation. For to this congress from the corners of Europe came the refugee defenders of the old order, to piece together as best they might the shattered fragments of absolutism.

It was quite in keeping with her ancient character that Austria should assume the leadership in this reactionary enterprise, for not Napoleon, as we have seen, but the Emperor of Austria was the real representative of those imperial ideas which Rome had introduced beyond the Alps. Unconquerable foe of human progress, Austria has alternately attacked and broken up

the three great races of Europe, the Latin, the German, and the Slav. Never once has she been a leader of the forces of freedom. Every one knows how, during the Protestant Reformation, that uprising of the German people for liberty, it was the House of Hapsburg, the ancestors of the present Francis Joseph, that went through this unfortunate land with fire and sword. And for more than half a century after the overthrow of Napoleon the history of Europe is virtually the history of the mind of Metternich, the evil genius of Austria, in its efforts to smother the volcano which France had lighted, and whose lava had set all Europe on fire; whose sparks, indeed, had blown clear across the Atlantic, and kindled republicanism in South America.

It is particularly interesting just now, when the seed sown in those old days by Austria is yielding its terrible harvest, to watch the efforts of those frightened Cæsars, banded in Vienna, to gather up and thrust back underground the embers of freedom in Europe. Indeed, one cannot understand the full meaning of the tremendous Armageddon that is on to-day without some knowledge of how the stage was prepared in the first half of the nineteenth century under the malign influence of that same

Austria whose hand has just rung up the curtain for the momentous drama just begun.

First and most important of those efforts to restore what they called the "peace" of Europe, then, was to stop the mouth of the still active volcano; and so the Bourbons were replaced upon the throne of France. Second, Italy, whose whole northern half had caught fire, must be taken under the fatherly care of Austria. Third, in those scattered German principalities, some of which Napoleon had captured from Austria and which he had built into a sort of buffer-wall beyond the Rhine, the constitutions which the people had won from their rulers were now taken away from the people, and even the student organizations, which with a fervor worthy of the French Jacobins were working for the freedom of the German people, were broken up.

Quickly now the reactionary movement, which up to this time had been dominated by Austria, began to come to a head, but not, as the Hapsburgs had hoped and expected, in Austria. Quietly and almost in a night the spirit of Cæsar crossed the borders of Austria and passed on to the north to a small state where the soil lay virgin, and where for years the scattered

forces of Europe had been gathering for the building up of a militarism the like of which the world had never seen.

During all the centuries that she had held the scepter of the Holy Roman Empire, which, in the language of Voltaire, was "neither holy nor Roman nor an empire," Austria had shown a conspicuous incapacity to reproduce the empire beyond the Alps, and this not at all because her ideas were at variance with the ideals of the Cæsars. The great flaw in her make-up, so far as it affected the Romanization of the Continent, was her lack of that constructive vision and that dominating energy which were marked in the first Cæsar. To bring into subjection and to control people—especially people with ancient traditions of freedom that have always lived in the hearts of Europeans even under long-continued tyranny—requires a youthful power and a capacity for organization such as Austria has never possessed. Therefore it is that we see her to-day playing the part she has always played, the enemy of freedom, without the ability to fill the rôle of the supreme tyrant, trouble-maker still, setting all Europe on fire, and yet lacking the eye to see that it is her own house she is reducing to ashes. A mind

of this sort is no place for the spirit of the first Cæsar. But Austria, blind then as now, did not know that the spirit had taken its departure, and so held on to the empty scepter until the forces of the North came down upon her, and Prussia sprang full armed and vastly ambitious into the troubled arena of Europe.

It is significant to note, in studying the northward movement of militarism in Europe, that at this time when the surge was lifting its great head in northern Germany, a wide stir for liberty was abroad in Italy. That people, which centuries before, at the point of the sword, had forced its iron law upon the free peoples of the North, was now battling with a Northern tyrant for its own liberty. The war which Prussia fought with Austria was fought with a view to gaining power, whereas Italy's struggle with the same despot was for the purpose of achieving freedom. The victory over the Hapsburgs won by these two peoples, the one in the North and the other in the South, are usually compared, with a view to pointing out resemblances. Cavour, it is explained, is Italy's Bismarck; Garibaldi is a lesser Moltke; while Victor Emmanuel is the southern William I. Both movements, we are told, were movements to-

ward unification. And this is true; but no one can read even casually the history of those times and not perceive at once that the movement in Italy was set afoot with a view to escaping from a despotic militarism, while the movement in Prussia was launched for the purpose of constructing one.

And to find an adequate counterpart for the one which there arose, we cannot stop at the régime of Napoleon, which was the result of abnormal conditions and contrary to the aspirations of the people whom it burdened, but we must go back at least to the days when Rome was at the height of her military career. Indeed, it is extremely doubtful if we shall find it even there; for by militarism we mean not the bluster and movement of conquest, but the complete and permanent organization of a people for military purposes. If a nation's energies are absorbed in the practice of arms, especially if this practice is the result of a deliberate plan for a later aggressive movement, that nation is in the grasp of militarism even in times of protracted peace, though the chances are, if the practice continues, that the peace will not be long protracted.

So, without going into the causes of the con-

flict, within five years after her seven-weeks' triumph over Austria we find Prussia at the throat of France. Now, France, as we know, is south of Prussia, and so if we knew nothing of the history of Europe except that militarism is constantly moving northward, and if we knew nothing of the history of France during the half-century succeeding the downfall of Napoleon, we should be quite safe in assuming that the spirit of liberty was there leavening the people; in other words, that the light which we have seen breaking over Italy, and which always follows the dark shadow of militarism, was shining more or less brightly over her Northern neighbor. And such was the case. With all their restoration of Bourbonism, the powerful coalition of reactionaries had not been able to stamp out in France the love of liberty and the movement toward a freer government.

Such was the condition of things in the country west of the Rhine when the Prussian thunderbolt fell upon her. From this shock France rebounded toward republicanism, and Prussia even further toward that system of imperial authority against which her Socialists have ever since battled in vain. The German empire, homogeneous, or almost so in a racial way, in

those deeper elements that go to make up her character, is as much of a dual empire as Austria-Hungary, only in the former case the two empires, instead of lying side by side, as in the latter, are superimposed the one upon the other. And it was probably as much for the purpose of holding and welding these two antagonistic, turbulent empires together as it was to establish and protect pan-Germanism in Europe that the stupendous machine that is now in motion was wrought out. Socialism in Germany, the lower layer in the dual empire of which the upper layer is the war party, or the Government, is the industrial projection of that political Revolution which more than a hundred years ago shook France, and indeed all Europe, to its foundations.

To perceive the truth of this statement, we need only lay side by side those pages of history dealing with the rise of the Third Estate in France with those later pages which describe the revolt of the working-classes in Germany. It is the same struggle transferred to the cities. Karl Marx is clearly the Rousseau of the Revolution beyond the Rhine. And those able men, his contemporaries and successors, who have wrought out into an exact science and fearlessly

disseminated throughout the empire the new economics, bear a resemblance to the French encyclopedists too striking to be mistaken. In the later case, it is the same fierce light turned not upon the state, but upon the strongholds of capital.

But we are living in an age of speed, when revolutions accomplish in decades what formerly required centuries. Kaiser Wilhelm is evidently the Grand Monarch overtaken by the deluge. The expression, "I am the state," fits quite as well in the mouth of William II as in that of Louis XIV.

But the parallel does not stop here. The Bourbon, who seems to have been born with the idea that he was France, soon got it into his head that he was Europe. And this idea remained there and grew until the disillusionment came at the sword-points of the surrounding nations, with the help of England. And just as for a time the Bourbons were able to deceive the people into identifying their interests with that of their rulers, so it would seem that the deadly parallel is projecting itself into the future.

But there came a time in France when the people awoke to the true meaning of what was going on. Then all those forces which had

fought the imaginary enemy on the borders turned terribly toward their real enemy in Paris. We all know the result, how the whole upper crust of France, with its gilded and shivering aristocracy, was shattered and blown into fragments.

It is of course not to be expected, in following out a parallel of this sort, that the comparison will hold good in minor details. We do not expect, for instance, to find the Kaiser toying with a Montespan or a Pompadour, or to see at Potsdam the idle courtiers that thronged the court at Versailles. Times have changed. The deluge of democracy has wrought wonders. The spirit of work, long confined to the masses, is electrifying even the upper classes. And so far as their social duties will permit, even monarchs are becoming workmen. Of no nation is this so true as it is of Germany. Potsdam is not only the royal residence, but it is also the commercial office of the empire. But we must not be misled by these facts. We must not imagine, because the German Emperor and his courtiers have gone to work, that what is happening in Europe to-day never happened before.

It would be strange indeed if the Kaiser, shrewd man that he is, and familiar as he is

with the disasters that overtook the royal autocrats on the other side of the Rhine, should repeat the blunders that brought down those disasters. The later Bourbons saw the approach of the deluge, but lifted no hand to stay its coming. Enough for them if only they could burn the fragrant candle and get away before the storm should break. Even the Grand Monarch was something of a decadent. But the Hohenzollerns are not the Bourbons. William II is a man of business, and business imparts alertness, develops the faculty of organization and decision. And the decision to which the Kaiser has come, to which he probably came years ago, is that something must be done to save his régime from the rising waters of German socialism.

To accomplish this he must begin where all monarchs begin. The people must be deceived into identifying their interest with that of the reigning house. Second, they must be educated, for years if necessary, to see that the Kaiser is arming the empire not to maintain his own medieval régime, but to save the workshops of the fatherland, and this in the face of the fact that hand in hand with peace German trade has been conquering the world! And third, if the plan is to succeed, the machine must be set in motion

from the outside, else the mask falls off and the whole ghastly thing is laid bare.

Compared with this subtle and far-reaching conspiracy against the rising spirit of the German people and the peace and freedom of Europe, compared especially with the thoroughness of the preparation, how shallow and loose the statesmanship of the Bourbons! Indeed, the coup that has just been sprung by the hand of Austria is Napoleonic, with the hue possibly of that madness which characterized the Corsican in his last days. For while it is perhaps too early to forecast with any degree of certainty the outcome of the gigantic game, signs are not wanting that the German emperor, like the French emperor before him, is being used despite himself by those very forces which he imagines he is thwarting, and is struggling blindfolded for the emancipation of Europe.

It is right in keeping with this theory of the northward movement of militarism in Europe, and is another proof of the correctness of this theory, that in this critical moment when militarism is threatening the whole Continent, Italy should have dropped away from the Triple Alliance and arrayed herself in heart at least with France. And that she should have been able

even thus far to hold herself aloof from the conflict is further proof that a better day is dawning for the South. And it is obvious that the present war in which France is engaged is in all essentials a replica of that war which, almost half a century ago, Italy waged with Austria. Aside from the fact that it is a Latin people against a German people, it is also true that the underlying motive is the same. If Italy's was a struggle for freedom, so also is the present struggle of France, not of course for freedom from oppressive institutions, but, what amounts almost to the same thing, from a permanent and well-grounded fear of such oppression. And unless signs are misleading, that aggressive militarism which through the centuries we have seen come up from the south and move with periodic pauses and conflicts to the north, is preparing for another migration northward. Indeed, it is not at all improbable that this desperate and apparently aggressive movement of Cæsarism in Europe is the taking up of baggage for a retreat.

And there is only one country left on the Continent with anything like the character of people and the width of dimensions demanded where this monstrous institution can find refuge. And

that is Russia. From centuries of slaughter of the Latin and the Teuton, will it find a home with the Slav and with him round out its life? In the following pages I shall try to throw some light upon this question in so far as it concerns the character of the Russian people. As for the Russian government, no one of any intelligence is misled as to its real attitude toward Cæsarism by its alinement in the present contest. If the Czar is striking at the Kaiser, it is not of course because he is opposed to what the Kaiser stands for. Czar and Kaiser, as we have seen, mean Cæsar, and the two emperors, cousins by blood, are full brothers in politics. It has been pointed out time and again that their rivalry is racial, the Slav against the Teuton. There is doubtless some truth in this; but the rivalry is also personal. There has never been, and there is not now, room enough in Europe for two Cæsars. One must give way. Just as fifty years ago in the contest for the same imperial primacy within the German race one of the claimants was obliged to give way. In that case, true to the movement we are tracing, the Northern champion proved the stronger. Indeed, the position of Germany to-day bears a striking resemblance to the position then occupied by

Austria. Then, as we have seen, Italy, to the south, was fighting with Austria for freedom, while Prussia, to the north, was trying to wrest from the same power the ancient scepter of the Holy Roman Empire, which, as an idea at least, still rested in the hands of the Hapsburgs. Now France, to the south, is battling to maintain its freedom against Germany, while Russia, to the north, is snatching at that old scepter which Prussia won from Austria.

The movement as well as the character of militarism in Europe is well expressed in the person of Napoleon Bonaparte. Born an Italian, operating all his life from France, and now for years the openly avowed inspiration of the leaders of Germany, seldom has it fallen to the lot of one man as it fell to the lot of Napoleon Bonaparte to dominate his own age and to chart the drift of two thousand years. Having passed through her militaristic period, Italy could not use him, and so he was obliged to move northward to France as he now moves northward to Germany, to northern Germany.

It is greatly to be hoped, yet possibly, at least just now, hardly to be expected, that the German people, intelligent as they are and thoroughly versed as they are in the evolution of history,

will see the real meaning of the struggle in which they are engaged and will avail themselves of the present crisis to exorcise forever the spirit of the Cæsars. They are in the throes, if they only knew it, not of a foreign war, but of an internal revolution, and the mighty sounds of approaching armies all about them are simply the rest of Europe coming to their aid. Their long and strenuous struggle for liberty is on the point of bearing fruit, for the freer institutions beyond the Rhine seem likely to be extended. On the other hand, the unparalleled social and industrial progress which the German people have made in the short half-century of their nationality, and that, too, in the face of an antiquated and repressive political system, bids fair at last to overflow their boundaries and spread all over Europe. Defeat at this price, if defeat must come, is victory, just as the defeat of Napoleon was a victory for the French. For this contest also is a contest not of arms, but of ideas, and that nation whose ideas shall come out of this great threshing best fitted to undertake the social and industrial reorganization for which all Europe is waiting will, whether in victory or defeat, be ultimately and essentially the winner.

RUSSIA AND THE OPEN SEA

II

RUSSIA AND THE OPEN SEA

WHATEVER may happen to the other nations whose swords are crossed in the great conflict that is now waging, no one expects that the destiny of the colossus of the North will be seriously interfered with. France may be overrun or a similar fate may overtake Germany, Austria may disappear from the map or the British empire may be broken up; but between Russia and any great harm still lie those impenetrable spaces where the armies of Napoleon lie buried—those armies that Europe has not forgotten. When the swords that are now clashing are put up and the game is over, Germany and Austria or England and France may divide the present, but the future belongs to Russia.

Let us look for a moment at the history and aspirations of this great people, and see how she lies with relation to things that are happening and to things that will happen when the wounds that are now opening are healed, and the chil-

dren of fathers that are now dying have become the masters of Europe.

For centuries the Slav has lived and, so far as the rest of the world is concerned, still lives just beyond the horizon. There is about him something of the wonder with which our forefathers regarded the hyperboreans, something of the awe with which dwellers in valleys look upon high mountains, upon the Alps or the Himalayas. He appears and disappears, strikes or is ever about to strike. He is the Apache of Europe and Asia, the Ishmael of the Caucasian race. To the south of a ragged line touching the civilizations ancient and modern of virtually the whole earth, eyes are eternally fixed upon the North, wondering where he will appear next. Indeed, this anxiety is a kindred bond uniting the heterogeneous peoples of the temperate zone of the two continents. To find anything like it we must go back to the days when along borders much less extensive the people of the Roman empire looked toward the north, where a similar menace was gathering. While the Swede is out on his watch-towers in the west, the Japanese is patrolling his coast, and between them what motley sentinels move to and fro, what strange tongues are naming the

common fear! Where will he appear next? In what numbers will he come? And how much land will he seize? Not a year passes, not a month probably, that the matter is not up in some cabinet or other of Europe or Asia. And a good guess is fame for any statesman.

But what scant material to work upon! One could take a map of the earth, and in nine cases out of ten lay his finger upon those spots where England or France or Germany or any other of the leading commercial nations will appear, provided he knows where, in unappropriated regions, rich mines or timber or reservoirs of oil will be found. But what of the Slav, who is still almost wholly outside the pale of the commercial age? With him it is enough if it is only land. There are times, of course, when even England will pick up a piece of territory that is not too dangerously attached to a strong nation—a piece that has none of the allurements I have mentioned. But if you will look closely, you will see that it has at least population. For a market for finished products is quite as essential as sources of raw material. But Russia, stupidly unmoved, it would seem, by these refinements, gathers up with the same avidity the mountain fastnesses of the Caucasus and the

cities of China. This it is more than anything else that makes it difficult for the statesmen of commercial nations to understand Russian diplomacy or to predict with any certainty just where along her interminable borders the Cossack will appear. To know, as every one knows, that Russia is seeking always an outlet to the sea, to the open sea, is of little help. For experience has shown that she is quite as capable of moving upon one a thousand miles away as upon one within sight. And coupled with the capacity for a quick stroke, like the cobra, what glacier-like patience! Other nations must hurry or stand still, choose either the present or the future; Russia can do both. Hence the wonder and the perplexity, the eagerness to thwart her, and yet the certainty of ultimate defeat. For while other nations are obliged to conquer peoples, Russia can seep out from her own land and absorb them.

What is it that has made Russia the great enigma, the stranger both to Europe and Asia? Beyond doubt the fact that she is herself neither one. To the Asiatic she is something of a European; to the European she is something of an Asiatic: yet to both she is not wholly either the one or the other. She is like a great tree with

her ancient trunk rising up out of the Caucasus, the early home of the Slavic people, and towering up into the ices of the North, and with her branches extending east and west into the sunrise and the sunset. And yet her leaves are neither of the East nor of the West. She is white like the European, and yet the brown man and the yellow man understand her. And under her immense shade what multicolored garments, what a strange cluster of tongues! People of the older races of Asia have often observed that the cosmopolitanism even of the Briton, the European world-man, is a matter of manners, the affected suavity of the drummer, whereas the Slav, certainly that type which the great mother throws out in inexhaustible thousands along her borders, is *bon vivant* with all the races and classes of the earth. The other nations of Europe have made the acquaintance of alien peoples, but Russia—Russia, it would seem, has always known them. Their small lives found comfortable places in her vastness, their children are at home in her great lap.

It behooves the nations, especially those that expect to travel the road of the future, to learn something of Russia, as it behooved the Roman to learn something of the Gaul. They cannot

afford to go on drawing the sword whenever she appears. But right now, when new alinements are being made for the future, they should begin that *rapprochement* which will admit Russia into the family of nations not as a menace, but as a friend. At least we here in America, aloof, it is to be hoped, from the prejudices of the Old World—we, young as Russia is young, heterogeneous as Russia is heterogeneous, and entering upon our world life as Russia is entering upon hers, should without delay turn with open and friendly mind to this great stranger. We should not be satisfied with a report of her crimes delivered to us over the cables of other nations, or even with the reading of her novels, or the viewing of her dances. We ourselves would not be satisfied with a judgment of our own country based upon such materials. We should try to find out something not only of what she is, but of what she is trying to be. And to understand her, three things at least are indispensable: first, a general knowledge of European peoples and institutions; second, a similar knowledge, smattering at least, of the great peoples of the near East and the far East, who for generations have felt the push of this human glacier along that ever-southward-moving line

between the Black Sea and the China wall; and thirdly, a knowledge, of what two such ingredients will produce in the way of a third. It is this last, of course, that has made Russia the despair of travelers and psychologists. For human chemistry, while it may be, as some claim it is, a science, is as yet a science of the future. "Scratch a Russian and find a Tartar" is a formula too evidently drafted for the convenience of those who contemplate a summer sojourn in this immense land, a reed too slight at least for statesmen to lean upon.

But let us "scratch" this Russian, and this Tartar, too, and see if we can discover what it is that has made him the world figure he is and that threatens to make him the figure of the world, though at present he is only beginning to be seen behind the towering shadows of Germany and France and England that for centuries have filled the horizon.

Looking first, then, into his past, we find during the short thousand years that, properly speaking, he has occupied the stage of history, three events stand out as of prime importance. One of them is a call to Europe, another a call from Asia, while a third has tied him to that unsettled region between Europe and Asia, that

boiling-pot of the races where the sword for centuries has never dried and which has at last set all Europe aflame.

The first of these events is an invasion, if we may call it so—an invasion of that same Scandinavian race whose vikings at about the same time were pouring down into England and France, down even into Sicily and southern Italy. But upon these latter lands they came as brigands, sword in hand, at first for booty, and then for permanent homes in the comfortable sunshine which they found there. But into Russia, so the story goes, they entered not as robbers, but upon invitation, and that, too, not as the Saxons were invited into Britain, to help stem the rising tide of rapacious neighbors, but to aid in the establishment of an orderly government. It was an extraordinary procedure, certainly, and one which should not be forgotten; for here we see for the first time, and that, too, far back in the twilight, the hand of the Slav held out in brotherly friendship, asking help. "Our land is great and fruitful, but it lacks order and justice; come and take possession and govern us." Significant appeal!

Just how much of the subsequent history of Russian conquest is due to this fiery drop of

viking blood which, infused in a somewhat larger quantity into Britain, has goaded her out over the seas into every corner of the globe, it is of course impossible to say. In Russia the Northmen never acquired that complete and permanent control which they secured in Britain. For the expanding Scandinavian race, instead of following in the path of Rurik, preferred to turn their ships to the south, and Russia was again cut off.

When next she appears, it is again with hands outstretched, not this time for governors, but for teachers. The Dark Ages, which had come over Europe with the fall of the Roman empire, were giving way in the South to the light of civilization, and missionaries, who were wandering everywhere, finally reached Russia. But when they came, they came, unfortunately, not from Rome only, but from Constantinople also. For the great schism was already a fact, and there was now an Eastern as well as a Western church.

Probably nothing in all the history of Russia has so affected her destiny, and possibly also the ultimate destiny of Europe and Asia, as this great schism in the South. For more than anything else, possibly more than all other things

combined, this it is that has opened the chasm between Russia and the rest of Europe. For when once the ambassadors whom the ruling prince Vladimir sent out to canvass the religions of the world with a view to determining which was the best for the Russian people, returned and reported in favor of the Orthodox, or Greek Catholic, with its seat at Constantinople, and the prince indorsed this recommendation, from that moment the face of Russia was turned toward the East. From that moment she began to be a stranger. Henceforth her music, her architecture, her government, her whole national character indeed, began gradually to be molded not after the models of Europe, but after those of Asia. Henceforth there was to be misunderstanding between the rest of Europe and their Northern neighbor—a misunderstanding which is utterly incomprehensible without this explanation. For the Slavic people are full cousins of the German, of the French, of the English, of all the great peoples of Europe; for all these, including the Slav, are Aryan.

This, then, is the seed out of which have arisen those tremendous complications which to-day embroil the world.

The last event, second only in importance to the one I have just mentioned as far as its effect upon the character and institutions of Russia is concerned, came as the result not of a peaceful sending of ambassadors among the civilized nations to inquire into and report upon things which might be of value to the Russian people, but as a sudden and irresistible deluge of wild barbarians from the East, the horde of that greatest of all conquerors and autocrats, Jenghiz Khan. To Europe, waking to the first rays of the Renaissance, the coming of these savages was as though the mineral kingdom should suddenly rise and attack trees and grain and grass. In the South, however, thanks to the knowledge and practice of Roman arms, the plague was stayed and finally beaten off; but over Russia, disorganized and cut off from this advantage, the horde swept on, and for more than two centuries raped and pillaged and oppressed at will. And all this while the rest of Europe, to which at this time a half-Christian was more execrable than a heathen, looked on with unconcern, possibly with gratification that God at last was punishing the heresy of her neighbor. During these centuries of outrage such as Italy never experienced in the darkest days of the Goths and

the Vandals, the spirit of the Russian people was broken. Little wonder that among these cousins of the Gaul, the Saxon, and the German, revolutions rise and spend themselves in foam.

This was the call from Asia—a call that has since been answered even to the shores of the Pacific.

With the ebbing of this dark tide that had overwhelmed her, at last Russia awoke to the fact that she was cut off from the rest of Europe; or at least one man awoke and, looking about him, became aware that during the long night of his country's enslavement a new day had dawned in the South, while in the North all was torpor and darkness. What Alfred the Great is to early Britain, that Peter the Great, in his crude way, is to Russia. If ever a race of people found adequate expression in one person, that race was the Slavic race in their great czar. As an acorn enfolds an oak, the type of a great forest, so Peter the Great enfolded the Russian people. Into him they have flowed from the twilight of time, and from him they have gone out to the ends of the earth. And this was one of his dreams, that his country might have ample boundaries.

But wide boundaries are not greatness. Had

Peter imagined that they were, he would probably have taken his place in history among those secondary men whose names are known simply as conquerors. But it was primarily of the Russian people he was thinking, of the Russian people taking their place and marching in the van with the other peoples of Europe. Former czars had made pilgrimages to Asia, to prostrate themselves at the feet of their Tartar masters; Peter's pilgrimage was in the opposite direction, to Prussia, to Holland, to England. Here, then, we have a third instance of that Slavic hunger for higher things and that willingness to learn from her more advanced brothers, uttering itself in this case not in invitations to a neighboring people for "order and justice," or in ambassadors seeking the fittest religion, but in a journey of the czar himself for the purpose of bringing back to Russia the much-needed civilization of Europe.

Only the keenest realization of the immense chasm that yawned between these countries and his own can account for the tremendous energy with which this man, single-handed and in the face of such opposition as few reformers have ever encountered, set to work to dispel the barbarism of his people. Having discovered civili-

zation and having tasted its sunshine, he determined that his country should share it and that never again should she go back into the darkness. Soldier, statesman, absorber and disseminator of knowledge, builder, captain of industry, brutal, of course, as his age was brutal, but with a brutality aimed mainly at the great goal toward which he was striving, it is exceedingly doubtful if there can be found in all history another ruler who wrought so strenuously and persistently for the elevation of his people as did this great czar. Petrograd, that "window into Europe" which he built, and through which he expected the sunlight would shine forever—Petrograd, rising out of the filled-up swamps of the Neva, is only a symbol of these gigantic labors. No wonder the Russian people think of his spirit as still with them, shaping and directing their destiny.

Unfortunately, the work so energetically begun has not been carried on. With the exception of the great Catharine, who introduced into Russia the arts of Europe, as Peter the Great had introduced the mechanics, subsequent czars have, for the most part, been cast in a different mold. Russia is still the backward brother of Europe. The short day has given place to twi-

light. The "window into Europe" has been closed. There is probably a wider gap between the Russia of to-day and those enlightened lands which Peter visited than there was before he began his work.

What is the reason for this? Why is it, for instance, that Russia is shoulder to shoulder with the most advanced nations in rifles and behind the most backward in schools? Along her borders, where her armies mingle with the armies of other nations, she seems one of them. But pass into the interior that the great Peter labored so long and so prodigiously to waken and transform, and you have passed, as far as the great mass of the people is concerned, from a world of stir into a world of slumber, from the age of the biplane into an age not far removed from that of the early Gauls. What, I repeat, is the explanation of this tragedy, this retarded growth of millions upon millions of people?

It is easy enough to lay it upon the czars, upon the bureaucracy, that wide-reaching, never-relaxing hand within whose grasp generation after generation has lain benighted and helpless; but there is another cause, one of which possibly even czarism and bureaucracy are results.

Peter the Great had a third dream, one which lay as close if not closer to his heart than either of the other two, and one which his country has ever since labored with vast zeal and patience to fulfil—a dream of the open sea!

It is astonishing that this inland-born man should have heard almost from his birth the call of the distant oceans. It is pathetic to watch him in his early boyhood, like some interior-exiled viking, groping for his native waters. If one can tell him something of the sea, with what hunger he clasps him to his bosom! A toy boat upon a canal near his home, and he is restless until a whole flotilla is launched; and even this only adds to his hunger. He must have larger boats that he can manage and sail. And once he has learned this upon a neighboring lake, there wakes within him the call of the seas.

Immediately upon attaining his majority, he starts for the north, to Archangel, and is the first of all the rulers of his land to look upon wide waters. And having looked upon them, he resolves that his country, too, shall look upon them; shall, like other nations, have ports and ships and commerce. For even then Peter divined the meaning of the sea; and straightway he set to work to learn the art of the sea, the

construction and management of ships. And how like a modern American he began, this czar of all the Russias! Just as before in learning the new art of European warfare, he had begun, this autocrat, as a drummer-boy in the regiment, that he might master the whole thing from top to bottom, so he began again at the bottom, sweeping the deck, serving in the cabin, fetching coals for the skipper's pipe. Then, and then only, up the masts. And in learning to build them it was the same, not with guides, but in a workman's blouse, in the shipyards of foreign lands. And from here came memorable words, which he wrote back—words which have ever since been the cry of his country, "It is not land I want, but water." Within a few years after his return home he had won for his people ports on the Baltic, the Black, and the Caspian.

But why did Peter dream of the open sea? For the same reason that, from the dawn of time, humanity has dreamed of the sea. Land is existence, but water is life. The open sea is the open mind. The oceans are civilization.

Watch the movements of the progressive races. It is from land to water, from water to wider water. First there are the rivers, like

the Euphrates and the Nile, and the civilizations upon their banks are vastly superior to the civilizations of the interiors. But once the seas are discovered and mastered, the civilizations of the rivers sink into second place, and nations like Greece and Rome wake into life. Then the oceans. And once the oceans are conquered, you have France and Germany and England.

Suppose back there in the long ago, a naked sword had been laid across the mouths of the Euphrates and the Nile. And suppose humanity, having discovered an overland route to the southern peninsulas of Europe, had found barring their further march another sword across the Strait of Gibraltar. And suppose that thereafter all overland routes to the oceans had been blocked, say, with long lines of cannon. If the democracy of Greece never arose on the Euphrates, and the strong type of the independent Roman never developed on the Nile, or if, in the second case, that sane, stable constitutional government that is the pride of England never bloomed in Greece, and the splendid educational system that is the pride of Germany never flourished in Rome, upon which lands would the blame lie, upon those on the inside or upon those on the outside, upon those that found

the sword across their path or upon those that laid it there?

Almost from the day that Peter the Great set forth to blaze for his country a way to the open sea Russia has found across her path the swords of virtually all the nations of Europe and Asia. And the sword most often confronting her in her march toward the open sea, toward freedom, commerce, civilization, has been the sword of England, mistress of the seas. In the West, in the South, in the East, as a silent menace or a sweeping blade, leading the way or urging others on, but always there with unwavering purpose, is the sword of England—England, the Enlightener!

And what have been the consequences of this "caging the bear," as it is facetiously called in the chancelleries of Europe, this shutting out of Russia from intercourse with civilized nations and compelling her to be eternally the companion of barbarians? Within a little more than half a century, to go back no further, there have been four great wars, every one of them, if we will only look behind the mask of diplomatic pretext, clearly traceable to this one cause, this arresting of a great people in its march toward civilization.

First, there are the Crimean War, and the Russo-Turkish War. Though the professed reason of these was to protect the Christians and put an end to Turkish atrocities in the Balkan States, no one familiar with the eternal pressure behind Russian diplomacy can fail to see that the underlying motive of these two wars was the acquisition of Constantinople. In the Crimean War this ambition was thwarted by England, who, with the help of France and Sardinia, clasped hands with Turkey against Russia, with the Moslem against the Christian, with the brown man against the white man. And all for the purpose of laying her sword across the Dardanelles and preventing Russia's exit to the Mediterranean.

In the Russo-Turkish War, after she had won from Turkey, by the Treaty of San Stefano, a protectorate over the Slavic Balkan States, whose liberation from Turkey she alone had secured, Russia was forced by the European powers, at the Berlin Congress, to withdraw, whereupon the spoils of the war were very largely seized by Austria, a power that had no racial connection whatever with the Balkan peoples and one that had lifted no hand to put a stop to the outrages of the Turk.

It would be interesting to know what England thinks to-day of the statesmanship which she displayed in these two wars. Does she think it was a good bargain to exchange Russia for Germany in Turkey and Asia Minor? Is Germany, seeking land, a safer neighbor to India than Russia would have been, seeking the open sea? Is it well for England to-day that for decades she has been the self-appointed protector of the Turk?

If Russia had been allowed to take Constantinople, which, had Europe not interfered, she could undoubtedly have done, there is no question that Europe would have escaped many of those troubles which have plagued her in the intervening years. For there is little doubt that Russia would have policed Turkey on the one hand, and, on the other, who will say that she would not have kept peace in the Balkans? Not England, not Germany, but Russia is the natural bridge between Europe and Asia, and by every consideration of race and religion and character is the logical power to keep order in the near East. For be it remembered, that not only the Balkan States but many of the provinces of Austria itself, are old Slavic territory and the people there are full brothers of the Russians.

Indeed for years, thirty millions of Slavs have cried out to their elder brother for liberation from the Austrian yoke and other bordering millions for an ending of the Austrian menace. But for the meddlesome interference of powers that had no rightful claim upon this territory, Russia would here have had her harbor, a small price, it would seem, for the elimination of those crimes which for more than half a century have shocked the civilized world.

But with all the powers of Europe arrayed against her from the very beginning in the West, and now shut out in the South, Russia, as a last hope, was obliged to set forth on that long journey across Asia to the far East. And there, strange to say, she was allowed her heart's desire—allowed, that is, to spend millions in the construction of her great harbor. Is England asleep? Are the nations of Europe aware of what is going on? Or is it that they have come to see that perhaps Russia has the same right to civilization as themselves? Not at all. The sword is a little late in appearing, that is all. And again we have a war, this time not with England, but with England's ally, Japan.

And now we are in the midst of a fourth war as clearly traceable as are the other three to

this fatuous determination to keep Russia from the open sea. Or let us rather say this present war is the aftermath of the other three, the inevitable aftermath. If Russia were a less powerful nation than she is, or if the spirit of liberty were dead in the Slavic race, these three wars would probably have been sufficient. But with a territory three times as large as all the rest of Europe, with a population larger than that of England, France, and Germany combined, and of kindred blood with those nations that, despite every obstacle, have won their way to the oceans and a world life, it would have been strange indeed had the Russian people resigned themselves to the barbarism of the steppes. Instead, she turns back to that old pass where for more than two centuries her dreams have centered and where, as we have seen, she logically belongs, and with a vigor and determination worthy of her Aryan blood and the high aim for which she is battling, she begins once more her struggle for the open sea. And that which happens is what always happens when every safety-valve through which a great people can express itself is closed. There is a rushing of mighty forces toward those weaker seams in the Balkans, and—the explosion!

It is fortunate that circumstances have again drawn Russia Europeward, for Russia needs Europe, needs her now as in the past when more than once, as we have seen, she held her hands out toward the West. And Europe, aristocratic and suffering from a false conceit of cultural values, will sooner or later discover, as I shall try to show in my next chapter, that all these years she might have been learning as well as teaching. Especially is it fortunate not only for Russia and England, but for the world, that England has found it to her advantage to join hands with Russia. England, whose life is a world life, can, if she will, become the door-opener for the Russian people. England, the advanced, can become the tutor of Russia, the backward. It is to be hoped that England realizes her great opportunity, and will avail herself of the present crisis to take her sword from the path of the Russian people in their march toward civilization. Credit may still be won by yielding to the inevitable. And it is inevitable. Turkey must go back to her ancient home in Asia where ample tracts of fertile land lie waiting her; and Russia must come out of her long prison to the free and open seas.

THE DEMOCRATIC RUSSIANS

III

THE DEMOCRATIC RUSSIANS

OF all the changes that have come over the thought of the world within the last few decades, none is so remarkable as that which has to do with democracy. For centuries the word was confined to the narrow circle of politics. A democracy was a kind of government; a people was democratic if it had won for itself the right to make its own laws. In the matter of religion they might have nothing to say; a few might own the land and enjoy the revenues of industry; there might be a dozen slaves to one free man: but if the citizens were free to meet and discuss public affairs and make laws, that country or city was a democracy, that people was a democratic people. It is undoubtedly true that among millions, even in enlightened lands, this old habit of thought still persists, but gradually all over the world the new idea is making way. Certainly the leaders of humanity everywhere are aware of this revolution that has taken place, and the unparal-

leled changes which to-day are shaking and recasting the world are due chiefly to this new vision that democracy means something more than government.

Indeed, no word in the language has so enlarged its circle as has this word democracy. Faster than we have been able to follow it, the commotion has spread to the very bounds of life. State, church, school, industry, the relations of man to man—all these are being jostled by this new unifying force.

It is this sudden crowding of institutions upon the soul of man and their demand for new interpretation and reshaping that has set the ground to trembling beneath our feet, and has startled us into consciousness that the hour for great things has come. Democracy, the power of the people—that is the tocsin of the new age. Never before in the history of the world was it so important to get clearly in mind the meaning of a word as it is to-day to get the meaning of the word democracy. For upon our conception of this one word depends not only the peace, but also the well-being of every man, woman and child of the generations to come.

To start with, then, let us put away once for all the view of democracy as a phase of govern-

ment, and with mind and heart open and unafraid journey out to the rim of that wide circle and see if we cannot spell out the larger meaning of this powerful word that for years has been making itself flesh among men, and is now through blood and death thrusting the old order into the trenches, there to be buried forever.

Perhaps we can best arrive at what we are after if, instead of attempting to keep the whole world in view, we separate some part of it, as a chemist takes a part of an element and finds out the nature and laws of the whole, no matter how widely scattered it may be, whether it is buried in the earth or blazing in the gases of the farthest sun. And probably no land will afford a better illustration of the lights and shadows that play about the word democracy than will Russia, a country where, if looked at from the old point of view, no such thing as democracy exists. And it is true that writers on democracy have a way of ignoring Russia or of using her as a dark background against which to bring out and emphasize the democratic institutions especially of England and the United States. In these latter, it is pointed out, the power of the people is supreme; whereas in Russia even the

ideal of free institutions has not yet been born. Russia and the czar are synonymous. But these writers also have a way of ignoring the larger circle, of using words with the meaning that attached to them a hundred years ago. To classify Russia as an autocracy and then pass on, as is commonly done, is just as unfair as it is to speak of England as a monarchy and stop at that. To find the heart of any land you must go below the government. Especially is this true in Russia where under the iron régime of government lies a life peculiarly rich in color and in sentiment, a life of which we in the western world know far too little.

Democracy is the passionate movement of a people toward power in every social endeavor, and it is the presence of this passion in a people, not their form of government, that determines their part in the future renovation of the world.

With new test of democracy in hand, let us consider the Russian people and what their rise to power augurs for the world. Is the Slav, whose light or shadow, as it is variously interpreted, fills the northern horizon of Europe and Asia, a friend or a foe of democracy? That is by far the greatest question that has to do with the present war. If he is a foe, there can be no

permanent peace until he is destroyed or put down. If he is a friend, there is hope for a long period of international coöperation and brotherhood.

In the popular imagination, which invariably seizes upon a single point and rushes to a generalization, three things stand out as representative of Russia: the czar, the Cossacks, and the Siberian penal system. The vast unknown spaces between these three, where the Russian millions come and go have been filled in with these dark colors of oppression and crime to harmonize with the objects in the foreground; so that to-day, in almost every land, especially where the light of truth comes dimly through the painted windows of the newspapers, a Russian, be he muzhik or grand duke, hand-worker or brain-worker, is looked upon as a police official in disguise, as a Siberian exile who knows the inner workings of the Revolutionary movement, or at least as one of those wild riders about whom many hair-raising stories have been told. Just so for decades in the minds of the European every American was either an Indian fighter or a cowboy.

It is of course always the daredevil, romantic elements in a people that first catch atten-

tion, and these are bandied about and played upon until they become national traits. How long it will take the Russian people to eradicate this popular misconception and stand forth in their true character, it would be hard to say. Possibly as long as it will take present-day America to live down in the minds of the European the idea that every American is a braggart or a millionaire. Until a people has had an opportunity to create its own institutions, it is obviously unfair to draw conclusions with regard to their character from abuses connected with such institutions. Probably in no country on earth, as we shall see later, is the government so misrepresentative of the people as is the Russian Government. The Siberian penal system, the Cossacks as a military institution, as well as all those persecutions with which the whole world has been made familiar, are creatures of the Government, not of the people.

But it is the people we are here concerned with, for it is the qualities of the people that eventually will show forth in the institutions of Russia, just as the character of the Saxon has asserted itself in English institutions, and the character of the old Teuton that has molded Germany into what it is.

What, then, are the deeper traits of the Russian muzhik, or peasant? For what the Russian peasant is to-day, that, quickened and refined by education and by the stir of larger interests, will the Russian nation be to-morrow. What rudimentary idea of his own rights and the rights of others lies enfolded in the slow brain of this shaggy fellow of the steppes?

Let us enter at random any one of the thousands of villages that dot the immeasurable spaces of this vast land and examine in the seed this world-shaper of to-morrow.

Long ago, as far back as we can see, the Russian had emerged from the wandering state of the nomad and had settled down to till the soil. And after twelve hundred years it is with this occupation that by far the largest part of the people is still engaged. Therefore it is the village, not the city, that is the center of national life, and it is to the village that we must go if we wish to get light upon Russia's future. Just here possibly has arisen the mistake we have made in our judgment of the Russian people. It is through Petrograd we have seen them, a glass too highly colored by foreign influences, and the crimes of a corrupt aristocracy to afford a fair view of a people whose life from

time immemorial has been one with the open fields.

The first thing that strikes us is that the Russian village is a democracy similar to the Saxon village of early England. But in the Saxon there has always been an element which rebelled against social control. The Saxon is by nature an individualist. He is willing to take his chances in a general mix-up. And therefore it is that at the earliest opportunity he threw off the shackles of collective ownership. In that long and successful assault which the barons of England made upon the people's land, and which I shall treat more at length in the following chapter, the Englishman fell far short of that unconquerable spirit of resistance and counter-assault which we think of as the natural reaction of the Saxon to injustice. Had the aggression been political, there is no doubt that he would have shown his old spirit. It is this inability of the Saxon to comprehend the larger meaning of democracy that has made England what it is—a people willing to see their land taken over by the barons, though it means starvation for themselves. For this is right in line with the Saxon theory of the rights of the individual, whereas group control is slavery. The wide-

spread poverty in which England finds herself to-day is due to this excessive individualism. The age of coöperation has come, and the Briton cannot adjust himself. He will starve, but he will not give up his lords.

Let us now pass into Russia, the land of autocracy. Here we see an exactly opposite development. Instead of the baron absorbing the property of the commune, the commune is succeeding to the property of the baron. It is the village, not the individual, that owns the land, and at irregular intervals redistributes the land, though not the homes, among the members of the commune, or *mir*, as it is called,—every family is a member, and is represented by its head—according to the size and the respective needs of the families. And there is here none of that instinctive rebellion on the part of the individuals composing it, but, on the contrary, a submission to its will which to-day, to any man of Germanic blood, is irritating and inconceivable. While in Russia, too, there is poverty, this condition is at least not due to the fact that the people are outcasts from the land. That is the chief difference, one might say, between Russia and the "civilized" nations, namely, that whereas in the former the poverty of the people

is due to the Government, to what it has done and what it has left undone, conditions in the latter are due to the people themselves. And therefore while in Russia education and the resultant political changes may remedy the condition, in the more "advanced" nations an improvement can be brought about only by a social revolution. And it is worth mentioning in passing that the *starost,* or head, of the Russian village never seeks the office, but has it thrust upon him, another illustration of the difference between the mild Slav and the assertive Saxon.

Though unquestionably there are evils connected with this system of agricultural communism—many of these could undoubtedly be eliminated or at least lessened by the establishment of schools—consider what it means for a people throughout the length and breadth of a great land to own their homes, rude though these homes may be, and a few acres of land to which, if for any reason they have left them, they may return in their old age or during those times when work has become scarce in the large centers of population. Is there any compensation for this in the consciousness enjoyed by the expropriated masses of the English people, and other people as well, that at least they have

remained loyal to the sacred principles of individual freedom?

No better illustration of the fundamental difference between the Saxon and the Slav can be found than that afforded by the respective ways in which Saxon America solved the slave problem and Slavic Russia the serf problem. Passing over the fact that in America it required half a century of the most active propaganda to convince the people, even the people of the North, that slavery was wrong, whereas in Russia no such extensive agitation was required, we come to the still wider chasm that yawns between the ways in which, after their emancipation, the slave and the serf were treated in their respective countries. So obsessed is the Saxon mind with the idea that freedom is a matter of politics that it seemed even to the abolitionist that ample justice had been done the negro when, after his liberation, he was given the vote. In Russia, on the other hand, where the people are unpractised in politics and see things rather in their social aspect, the permanent freedom of the serf seemed to depend not upon the franchise, but upon the essentials of livelihood. Therefore, while the armies of the North at the point of the bayonet were enforcing the

negro's right to the ballot, the Russian Government was quietly endowing its fifty million serfs with land. And when we remember that in both cases the emancipated peoples were a childlike people, the supreme folly of the Saxon-American becomes apparent. And he himself has become aware of this, or rather half aware of it; for while he has reversed his policy, he has reversed it only half-way. He has recovered the vote which he gave to the negro, but the latter's right to some part of the land which he has tilled for centuries the Saxon-American will not concede. And the reason why he will not concede it is as clear as day: the Anglo-Saxon is inherently an aristocrat.

But the vast energies of Russia are employed not solely in agriculture, though it is her tremendous resources in this respect that have made possible the enormous expenditures that have been required for the building of her great railroad system and the development of her gigantic military organization. Along with her field labor there goes on, especially during the six months when, owing to the severity of the climate, field labor is out of the question, that variety of craft employment which is necessary to supply the simple wants of an agricultural

people. And here again is emphasized that fundamental difference between the Russian people and the peoples of the Germanic race which we have just seen.

In studying the evolution of industry among the Germanic peoples, much has been made of the gild. And wisely so, for out of this small institution has unfolded the whole vast and complex structure of modern industry. All those elements of efficiency which have made it possible for this race to conquer the markets of the world, as well as all those abuses which, in their aggregate, have created among these peoples a menacing proletariat, lie in embryo in the old gild system. It requires only the most casual acquaintance with the growth of this institution, as it developed first in the merchant gild and later in the craft gild, to discover in it the germ of that plutocratic aristocracy against which the forces of socialism are making head.

As far back as the very beginning of English trade the right to buy and sell was enjoyed exclusively by the owners of property, just as until within recent times the right to vote depended upon a similar qualification. And these landowners who controlled the trade of the towns came very shortly to control the towns

themselves and the populations of the towns. Inside a baronial feudalism there grew up a feudalism of merchants that shut the people out of the privileges of the markets and grew rich upon the tribute which they levied without having recourse to the laws. It was against the intolerable oppression of this aristocracy of merchants that the craft gilds were formed, organizations of men whose hands produced those articles from the sale of which the merchant class became rich. And under the assault of these artisan bodies the power of the merchant class as a rival for leadership in the commercial world was ended forever. Henceforth the position of middleman, the buyer and seller, was to be subordinate to that of the producer. But it would be a serious mistake to confound this artisan producer of the gild system with the working-classes of to-day. For in this old system of production it was the master workman, the employer, who was supreme and who has since expanded into the powerful figure of capitalist-manufacturer, just as the old Saxon and German chiefs through the centuries have evolved into king and kaiser. The mass of workers, the journeymen and apprentices, had no voice whatever in determining the conditions

of their labor, and every effort which they made in this direction was for centuries successfully thwarted by the controlling industrial aristocracy, at first by the sheer power of their organizations and later by the aid of the state, which they had finally come to control.

There is a tragical significance in the term "journeyman" thus early applied to the English workman, a man who had then, and was to have through the centuries, no permanent home, but was to wander from place to place in search of work, and for a long time, as we know, even this wandering was forbidden him. To what vast numbers has this journeyman increased, this free Anglo-Saxon, stripped through the ages of his land and finally of his very tools of industry! Along with the other institutions which this world-conqueror has built, is the institution of pauperism.

Re-reading the history of England in the new light which is spreading over the world, it is incomprehensible that we should ever have been beguiled into conceiving of the Anglo-Saxon as the pioneer of democracy. That he is an individualist, and that his dogged insistence upon the rights of the individual in matters of state has been of incalculable service, there can be no

doubt; but times have shown only too clearly that individualism may be as great a foe to democracy as the most unrestricted autocracy.

Consider now the Russian workman. Despite the early start which the other nations had over Russia in industrial development, there has quietly grown up in the latter an institution which shows her in reality much further advanced than the former in the conception, as well as in the establishment, of industrial democracy. This institution, which is known as the *artel,* had its origin, according to a report recently made to the British Government, among the Cossacks of the Dnieper before the gild system appeared in England or in Germany. Though still in the hunter stage, these Cossacks perceived a truth which the leading nations of Europe and America are only now beginning to perceive, namely, that it is better to coöperate than to compete. And so, instead of hunting individually, they hunted in groups and divided the game. It may be said that savages everywhere have done the same. If so, it is to the glory of the Russian people that they have realized that in certain respects the savage is superior to the civilized man. Despite the allurements of "civilization," they have continued

this barbarous practice of coöperating, and it is to-day to be found in such widely separated parts of the country, both in the rural districts and in the cities, as to prove beyond controversy that the Russian is instinctively democratic; in other words, that he naturally foregoes those pleasures of self-assertion which would work to the injury of the people as a whole. And therefore we find him grouped in these *artels,* pure democracies, the heads of which are elected by the members, performing all sorts of work, from the simplest field labor to the building of houses and the carrying of the mails. In the craft gilds of the Teutonic peoples it was the master workman who took the contract or financed the home manufacture, and who exploited to his heart's content those whom he hired, whereas in the *artel* it is the group that is the master; it is the group that, like a joint-stock company, pools its labor, and sometimes its capital, and shares the profits. While individualism in industry exists in Russia, as it does in every other commercial nation, the *artel* exists only in Russia, and may therefore be taken as an index of what the Russian people will do when their great strength, which is now wasting itself upon the borders, is called back

to begin the work of internal development. For though in some cases this institution has been sapped and has gone down before the more aggressive individualistic system of the Teutonic peoples, as the national consciousness deepens, and Russia discovers the true value of her own creations as other peoples have discovered theirs, the *artel* will replace the Cossack in the attention of the world.

Already signs are at hand that the hour of its conquest has begun. In various parts of the empire these *artels* are enlarging the sphere of their activities and are entering the broader field of manufacture. Rural workshops, called *svietelkas,* owned and operated by these *artels,* are being established to take over the household industries. And in autocratic Russia the establishment of these industrial democracies is being encouraged by the authorities. Compare this long stride which the Russians have made toward a wide democracy with what has been done in America by the labor-unions. These latter have not advanced even in thought beyond the old aristocratic wage system. Their aim has been toward shortening the hours and raising the wage of labor, not at all toward ownership and freedom. Does this prove nothing

as to the relative democracy of the two countries?

It has been maintained, however, that these democratic tendencies of the Russian people are simply primitive impulses surviving from their barbaric past, and that these will be outgrown and left behind, as they invariably are as a people becomes more enlightened. The answer to this lies deep in the character of the Russian people. It is true that the influence of surrounding nations has altered Russian institutions and will probably continue to alter them, but we must not overlook the fact that within these nations themselves a profound change is taking place—a change which, when in full force it reaches Russia, will tend toward the preservation rather than the destruction of these crude democracies. Socialism, which is democracy at work in the bread-getting business of life, will see to it that these precious seeds are not destroyed. Just what modifications this influence will bring about cannot be foretold. The deciding factor, as has been said, will be the character of the Russian people.

But how does the Russian character fit in with the aspirations of democracy? How shall we reconcile Russia the known with Russia the un-

known, the Russia of the Siberian penal system, of *pogroms* and world-wide conquests, with the Russia of the *mir,* of the *artel* and the *svietelka?* It would be futile to attempt to reconcile them, for no reconciliation is possible. We are here confronted by a contradiction similar to that which we face in nature when we see on the one hand the healing of a bird's wing and on the other the tidal wave and the earthquake. In no other nation perhaps are these two qualities, kindness and cruelty, brotherhood and tyranny, so accentuated as they are in this twilight land where day and night mingle. Usually it is either the one or the other that stands out as the chief characteristic, but in Russia it is both. Her temperament is a compound of opposites; her history is a contradiction. On every page are crimes against humanity that make the heart sink and the blood run cold; in every chapter are monsters compared with whom the later Cæsars are novices. On the other hand, open any book in Russia, whether written by friend or foe, and note the epithets employed to describe the Russian people. Dreamy, imaginative, inoffensive, simple, affectionate, childlike—all these are almost invariably the words one meets. Nowhere is there a hint of

those qualities which are thrown up as dark shadows on the canvas of her horizon. It is the unanimous verdict among even casual observers that the Russian people "have none of those stern qualities of which conquerors are made." And yet almost from her earliest history she has gone forth sword in hand. This is the dualism which confronts us. While with one hand she is conquering the world, with the other she is writing appeals for the establishment of a Hague court. In the same generation she produces a Plehve and a Tolstoy, both in a way true to the national type.

No one living in countries inhabited by Germanic or Latin peoples can possibly understand the Russian nation, even that part of it which lies west of the Urals, if he conceives of it as an entity similar to that of his own nation. Russia is made up of two parts that have never fused and that never can fuse, for the first part is to the second as a school of sharks is to a colony of corals. The real Russian people lie almost unseen under a foreign overlay which has somehow got itself recognized among the nations as Russia, and which began to be deposited more than a thousand years ago when Ruric the Norseman, with his followers, came

in and established themselves as rulers of the land.

Then for more than two centuries the land was under the heel of the Tartars, another conquering people who left behind them a deep deposit of violence and crime. And almost immediately after the expulsion of the Tartars there began a third period of foreign domination, that peaceful Germanic invasion which from the days of Peter the Great has persistently warred against the ideals of this peaceful people, which became the source of the repressive bureaucratic system and which, as an active influence in Russian politics, is responsible for many of those crimes that the world has ignorantly laid at the door of the Slavic people. It is not generally known that the present house of Romanoff, which has held the scepter for three hundred years, is half German. We in America who know something of the part played by George III of the House of Hanover-Brunswick in the oppression of the Colonies and how, in opposition to the idealists of England, he fought this conflict to the bitter end, will understand something of what two hundred years of Germanization has meant to the Russian people.

For a long period when the great mass of the peasantry were serfs upon the estates of the Russian nobility, the task-masters upon these estates were as a rule Germans who had been imported to wring a larger return from the labor of this unfortunate people. And the record which they left in the land accounts in a very large measure for the enmity between the Slav and the German which is finding vent in the present war. And in the higher offices of the ministry, too, it has been the hand of the German, especially the German of the Russian Baltic provinces, that has too often set the Russian Government in opposition to the Russian people. Count Witte, for example, the famous financial minister, who has probably had a greater influence in shaping the policy of the Russian Government than any other man during the reign of Nicholas II, is one of these. According to a German writer, no man has laid a greater burden upon the Russian people in order to bolster up the false system of Russian expansion. And, if we except Pobiedonostsef, the fanatical Procurator of the Holy Synod, Count Witte has been the ablest champion of the reactionary movement. He it was who fought the establishment of the Provincial Assemblies

and who, in a manifesto to the Czar, expressed his conviction that there was no way of ruling the peasant except by the knout. And Plehve, the notorious Minister of the Interior, was another Baltic German. I do not mention these facts as a reflection upon the German people, for they too have suffered at the hands of these same oppressors in the Fatherland, but simply to show that neither upon her borders nor within her interior can all the inhumanity of Russia be fairly charged to the Russian people. In speaking of the Russian character as it shines through the enforced service of the Russian soldier, von der Brüggen, the eminent historian, who certainly cannot be charged with prejudice in their favor, makes it all too plain that even in the brutal business of conquest the Russian does not forget, in his contact with foreign peoples, that kindly brotherhood which marks him in his association with his kindred. "Wherever the Russian finds a native population in a low state of civilization, he knows how to settle down with it without driving it out or crushing it; he is hailed by the natives as the bringer of order, as a civilizing power, and does not awaken the embittered feeling of dependence *so long as the Government does not conjure up*

national or religious strife.'' The italics are mine.

That this whole vicious system of Russian outrage is a thing entirely separate from the Slavic people and absolutely contrary to their nature becomes even clearer when we remember that of all the idealists and friends of freedom who have assailed this system not one of them compares in passionate utterance to Russia's own prophet, Tolstoy. Here is the living voice of the Russian people, as Lincoln is the living voice of the American people. Tolstoy is the glorified Russian peasant uttering his heart to the world from the cross of the ages. From this man alone, in modern times, has gone out the living conviction that peace and brotherhood are realities destined sooner or later to conquer the world. From this heart of the Russian people we see, like a saving spirit in the midst of blood and death, spreading out over the world, that wide circle of democracy beyond which you cannot go.

LAND AND WAR

IV

LAND AND WAR

AS far up toward its source as we can follow the stream of civilization, we find the land problem already pared to the quick. In the valley of the Nile, among the cities of Greece, in Rome, both republican and imperial, and on down through the welter of the Dark Ages, even to the present day, this question of food sources for the individual and the nation is the one question that has successfully defied permanent solution. Slavery, that trailed man for ages, we have left behind us. Religious wars will probably never again redden the planet. The power of the rulers is gradually being circumscribed by constitutions so that in general from political oppression the individual is measurably secure. For all these we have either found or are in the way of finding solutions. But in the matter of the land problem, lying as it does at the very foundation of life, we are still in the maze, and our progress toward a solution is annoyingly slow.

If we consider the wars of the world, we shall find them falling into one of two classes; wars for personal ambition and wars of human need. And of both classes by far the larger per cent. has been over land: conquerors extending their dominions, or a people expropriated for one reason or another seeking homes in some other region or, within their own state, rising against the upper classes to recover their ancestral possessions. Upon the first of these we need not particularly dwell, for history is full of them, and every schoolboy has at his tongue's end the names of their leaders. And even where no conspicuous leader emerged, these wars of conquest are in a class by themselves and easily distinguished from the others. By the unanimous opinion of mankind, this class of wars has been branded as infamous. But for those conflicts which have arisen from a people's need of land, there has always been a universal sympathy and in many cases an outspoken admiration.

It is a remarkable fact and yet one which not infrequently confronts us in history, that the land holdings of a people individually are generally in inverse ratio to the land holdings of their state; or in other words, that as the state

begins to win the world the people of that state begin to lose their own farms. This it would seem is the Nemesis that follows the armies of conquerors, that a people which aids and abets its state in a lawless assault upon the territory of a foreign people will themselves be obliged eventually to drain the same bitter cup in their own individual lives. He who helps steal a province shall lose his own farm. How comes it we have never perceived the truth of this, when it is written out in capitals on the pages of history? Unquestionably because we read history for cultural, never for ethical, purposes. Or shall we say that those who can afford the leisure for reading history are never the ones who bear the burden of conquest but are rather directly or indirectly the beneficiaries of the robbery? Whatever the reason may be, the fact remains that so far as our handling of the land problem is concerned, it is as though there were no such things as the lessons of history. We go round and round on the same old wheel that is worn smooth by the feet of generations dead and gone. In other things we progress, because we build upon the experience of the past. In mechanics, in agriculture, in sanitation, in almost everything that one can mention, we

carry along with us the wisdom of the past. But in this most vital of all questions, the land problem, our yesterdays are as nothing. We go off hither and thither after the thousand and one interests of life and again and again come back utterly naked to this oldest of all problems. Is this an extravagant statement?

Let us open the great book of history and, choosing some nation of the long ago, tear out those pages which deal with the relation of its people to their land, and lay them side by side with similar pages just written. And in order that the comparison may be a fair one and throw light upon as many phases as possible of this problem, let us take in each case a nation with wide land holdings, empires if we can find them, whose history has been so thoroughly explored as to leave no doubt that it is facts we are dealing with. If among the nations we can find two of this sort, one ancient and one modern, and especially if they are alike in this also, that in both the land problem became acute, we should be able to make a comparison which would help us in determining how much progress, if any, we have made in this respect, and also clear up certain matters of fundamental importance involved in the present war.

It is evident that if we are to meet all the above requirements we shall be obliged to take from the past Rome and from the present Britain. Here we have two empires with territories reaching in each case to the limits of the known world, whose records are clear, and in both of which the land problem early became and for centuries remained a most irritating one.

It was the policy of Rome in her acquisition of foreign territory to take from a conquered people a portion, usually a third, of their land, and this thereafter was considered the peculiar property of the Roman state. Upon this public land, with the exception of those parts of it that were set aside for the veterans of the Roman army, Roman citizens were allowed to settle on condition that a portion of the product of the land should be turned over to the state. The part still unsettled became "commons," upon which Romans of all classes could turn their stock. Eventually these open tracts were claimed by the wealthy classes who, despite opposition, succeeded in forcing from the state a recognition of their claim. Owing to this stealthy confiscation of the public lands, large numbers of the people were deprived of their

livelihood, and, in the hope of improving their condition, sought refuge in the capital. This was the beginning of that turbulent population for whose poverty and loss of independence, ever rising into a menace, the upper classes of Rome felt compelled to make a quieting restitution in tremendous charities of grain, the distribution of which only aggravated the evil by attracting to Rome the outcasts of the world. Later, a similar encroachment was begun by the same wealthy class upon that other portion of the conquered land which had been given to the poorer Romans. More money could be made and with less danger of an uprising of tenants by converting farms into pasture for sheep and cattle. In this way finally, either by open robbery or by forced sale, the Roman people were dispossessed of their small holdings and turned adrift to wander and to take at last the wide road to Rome.

Meanwhile, the Roman armies with recruits eternally drawn from this vagrant population were conquering the world. By a people that were steadily losing their acres, province after province was being added to the already vast possessions of the state. By a species of jugglery which has been practised over and over

since the beginning of the world, sons of fathers who had lost their little farms were tricked into taking up the sword to win kingdoms for the robbers. And every attempt to expose this monstrous crime against the freedom and life of a great people was ruthlessly smothered. We shall probably never know how many ardent champions of a better order of things lost their lives in this unequal contest. Between Spurius Cassius, the "first social reformer of Rome" and also the first martyr to this cause of simple justice, and Gaius Gracchus, the first to make any headway and whose blood also stained the streets of Rome, lie more than three hundred and fifty years of almost futile struggle.

If England had never heard of Rome, if her statesmen had never read of the transformation of that sturdy, independent, agricultural people into an idle, broken-spirited city mob, fed and amused by the Cæsars, we should not be surprised at what has happened in the Island Kingdom. I do not know that attention has ever been called to the similarity in social development between England and Rome. We have probably been so disarmed by the marked difference between them in their political evolu-

tion, the one entering her civilized period as a republic and thence converging toward monarchy, the other moving in the opposite direction, that we have failed to note the parallel currents of their social development. But no one can read the history of the rise of the landlords in England and not perceive at once the appalling resemblance between the republic of yesterday and monarchy of to-day.

Turn back to the period of the early Tudors and you will find pages which might have been torn bodily from the history of early Rome. Here under English names the plebeians and patricians are again at war. The Anglo-Saxon is going round the old wheel of the Latin. And the cause of the struggle is identical with that which tore Rome. It has become more profitable to raise sheep than to turn over the sod, and steadily before the advance of sheep the people disappear. It is really a question, as we come down through the ages, whether men have preyed more upon the animal kingdom or the animal kingdom more upon man. If man has driven the wild animal farther and farther into the depths of the wilderness, the domesticated animal, in Britain certainly, has driven man farther and farther from the health of

the open fields into the slums of the cities. Not only are the great tracts of the lords of the manor converted into pastures, but the commons are enclosed. And after the commons, the small farms. The little hedge of right ceases any longer to protect the small acres. By this relentless broom of the landlord even the cottages are swept away. In the place of villages are stretches of the returned grass, with here and there a lonely spire and thatched roofs fallen into ruin. That devastation which we think of as following only in the wake of armies was here diffused through centuries. The yeomen of England, whose fathers had fallen in many a battle for the glory of England, had entered upon the same path toward city pauperism as that which seventeen hundred years before the Romans had taken to misery and oblivion. In order that flocks might have pasture, and let us add, that foxes and pheasants might thrive, a diversion for royal hunters from the boredom of idleness, thousands of people were set adrift. Men, women, and children were turned out that primal nature might again have sway. It had become more important in the eyes of England to raise an abundance of wool than to preserve a sturdy race of men.

It is to the credit of the English people that, like the Romans before them, they resisted these attempts to dispossess them, at first by laws which proved of no avail and later by that last resort of free men, their good right arm; but unfortunately, as I have pointed out elsewhere, with none of that unconquerable spirit that through the centuries has won for them a far larger measure of political freedom. As far back as the early Tudors, so inhuman were the outrages of the landlords that in several parts of England there were uprisings which before they were finally put down cost the lives of thousands. In Somerset, the Protector, who sympathized with the people and for a time tried to aid them and who because of this opposition to the patricians of England was later tried for treason and executed, we have a worthy successor of Spurius Cassius, who for advocating the same cause lost his life in early Rome.

And from the days of Somerset down all the intervening years this expropriation has gone steadily on, often by leaps and bounds. Indeed, if it had been a matter of deliberate policy, if the small landowners had been an alien race and England had determined from the first to weed

them out, she could not have gone about it more effectively than she has done. It is open to serious question if the people of England would not to-day be better off if the island had been conquered by Napoleon. For, compared to the French people who entered the race for liberty far behind the people of England, it must be confessed that the French are infinitely better off. Indeed, there is not a people in Europe whose livelihood is so precarious as the Saxon of England. Possessed of one-fifth of the habitable globe, they are either tenants upon the confiscated freeholds of their ancestors or in crowded cities dependent for their daily bread upon the slender thread of foreign trade. Here are the records of what the Roman policy of the Island Kingdom had accomplished at the beginning of the latter half of the Victorian era, records which without the least exaggeration we may call the records of a crime. But because it was accomplished by England instead of Russia, because it has blighted the lives of a whole people instead of a few rubber gatherers in the Belgian Congo, we have heard little of it. I quote from a member of the English Parliament who in turn quotes from government statistics.

"The Return (1872) shows that 852,000 landowners only possess on an average a little more than one-fifth of an acre, while the Duke of Sutherland possessed seven times as much as their entire holdings. Dividing the Return into two great classes, 1,105,000 landlords hold about 5,000,000 acres, while 67,978 landlords hold 67,000,000 acres. From the same Return we gather that twenty-eight dukes hold estates to the amount of nearly 4,000,000 acres, thirty-three marquises 1,500,000 acres, one hundred and ninety-four earls 5,862,000 acres, and two hundred and seventy viscounts and barons 3,785,000 acres. The Return shows that 2,250 persons owned in that day nearly half the enclosed land of England and Wales. Nine-tenths of Scotland was owned by 1,700, and two-thirds of Ireland by 1,942 persons."

Yet in face of these facts, facts written, if ever facts were written, in a people's blood, the devourer had continued his advance unchecked. Within thirty years immediately following the above-shown condition, familiar all the while to the law makers of England, so great was the decline in agriculture during this period, according to a recent writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, that "the crops produced by our farmers have

so seriously decreased that of the capital invested in British agriculture no less than £1,000,000,000 has been lost." More than $165,000,000 of capital withdrawn every year from farming, while every year because of intolerable conditions more than 200,000 people leave England to seek homes elsewhere! In not one nation of continental Europe does the proportion of the "occupied population" engaged in agriculture fall below 30 per cent., whereas in Great Britain the per cent. is 9.2. Think of half of Great Britain, an island of unsurpassed fertility and climate, lying in grass while fifty per cent. of the children of the cities and larger towns in England are underfed. In a speech delivered not long ago, Winston Churchill summed it all up in one terrible phrase. "The fortunate people of Britain are more happy than any other equally numerous class have been in the history of the world. I believe the left-out millions are more miserable. Our vanguard enjoys the delights of the ages. Our rear guard straggles out into conditions that are crueler than barbarism." The statement is a conservative one. Compared to actual living conditions in France under the Bourbons from which that mighty people rose in successful re-

volt, conditions in England under George V are incontestably worse. And when we remember what, during the last two hundred years, England's far-flung battle line has been doing, how thousands upon thousands of Englishmen have bought colonies for Britain at the price of their own homes, the analogy of the fate of the Saxon to the fate of the Roman becomes tragically clear. In England, as in Rome, the army of sheep has been more terrible than an army with banners. Little wonder that the ravages of drunkenness in the Island Kingdom are "more terrible than war." There comes a time in the history of nations as of individuals when the supreme blessing is the ability to forget.

If England, traveling these long centuries the road of Rome, has thus far escaped the utter decay which overtook her imperial sister, her good fortune is due not to the fact that the greed of her landlords has been less or that the protection given by the government to the people has been more than in ancient Rome, but solely to her superior commercial development. That wool for which she early sacrificed her people became the foundation of a foreign trade that has come as a saving hand between the English

people and that dire fate which crept upon their brothers in the South. If England has not felt obliged to distribute her charities quite so ostentatiously but has resorted to the more modern palliatives of old-age pensions, sick benefits and the like; if she has not been driven to supplying circuses to divert the bitter broodings of a menacing population, it is certainly not due to her having solved any better than Rome this eternal problem of land. Looms, it is true, afford a more solid foundation for a people's well-being than do circuses, but always there is danger that these looms may stop. This is the haunting thought, the pursuing ghost that everywhere gives such a somber aspect to the separation of a people from their land. Once let England's foreign trade be menaced, as it has already been menaced, and the Island Kingdom faces the dilemma, Circuses or Land.

In view of these facts, it is not particularly surprising that England has at last awakened to the realization that during all these centuries of accumulating disaster there was such a thing as history to guide her, and that now with the lions of the arena on the one hand and her great landlords on the other she turns weakly toward those vast enclosed tracts, barren of population,

that were once the homes of a thrifty and contented people.

It is fortunate for England that she has produced at this crucial period a man of the vision and courage of Lloyd-George. If it is not too late, if this long dependence has not already sapped the manhood of the people, something may yet be done. But when we remember that the disease has been the cause of wide and unrelieved distress for more than two hundred years, and when we see that vast masses of this unfortunate people have already forgotten that the land is really theirs and are either unconcerned or ready to defend the title of the present owners, the long hard task confronting England becomes clear.

And right here I would call attention—especially the attention of England—to an even greater dilemma than that which she faces at home, one indeed of which the condition we have just been describing is one horn and of which the other horn has seriously to do with the present war.

While England has been developing extensively, Germany has been developing intensively; while England has been winning provinces, Germany has been fertilizing her acres;

while England's drum-beat has been going round the world and her traders have been following in its wake, the German hive has been humming with the labor of an increasing and well-cared-for population. It is as though imperial Rome had divided and one-half of her, her lust of conquest, had found refuge in England, and the other half, her aptitude for arms and organization, had established itself in Germany. Though we have not grasped their full meaning, though we have failed even to attend them, side by side for the instruction of the world two tremendous social experiments have been going on. And now having reached their culmination, these two systems, the extensive and the intensive, provinces and acres, world dominion and individual efficiency, confront one another across the Straits of Dover.

No one can read the history of these two countries and not be filled with amazement that two peoples of the same stock should have pursued paths so divergent. From the very beginning it would seem that England was destined to play the rôle of the landlord both at home and abroad. Virtually all her problems, both domestic and foreign, have been such as, on a small scale, her peers have had to meet in the

management of their estates, to draw from their tenants for the upkeep of the castle the largest possible revenue consistent with similar considerations for the future. Germany, on the other hand, though she too has had her problems, has never allowed herself to be haunted by the specter of a population dispossessed by landlords. Never in Germany has the primal grass encroached upon the cultivated field, never have men fled before sheep. If her people have crowded into cities, it has at least not been to escape the clutch of the landlord. If they have gone into factories, it has been of their own free will and with a realization doubtless that in this field lay greater opportunities for the exercise of their peculiar genius for organization.

Two things have diverted attention from the land question in Germany—her stupendous military system and the amazing expansion of her foreign trade. But it is evident that we cannot fairly judge a state unless we know something of the relation of its people to their land. For after all, free institutions depend for permanency upon this relation. And where the relation is one of injustice it is to no purpose that a glittering superstructure is erected.

There is no power, either of parliaments or of armies, that can save such a nation from eventual decay or from an ultimate revolution that will steadily gather strength and motion or subside and intermittently break out, until this foundation is put in order. It is a pity that a knowledge of what Germany has done in the matter of land ownership and cultivation has not been more generally spread abroad. Her record in this respect, like that which she has made in city management, is something for which humanity would show much more sympathy and admiration than it has shown for her military or even for her cultural development. And, moreover, the world is in need of every stray gleam of light upon this subject.

At the very outset of our investigation we are met by a condition which, compared to the wide misery beyond the North Sea, goes far toward explaining the more evenly distributed prosperity of the German people and which, like a thick layer of granite, upholds the colossal structure of German efficiency that both in peace and in war has been the astonishment of the world.

In England less than thirteen per cent. of the land is cultivated by its owners and the other

eighty-seven per cent. by tenants, whereas in Germany just the reverse is true; the thirteen per cent. are tenants and the eighty-seven per cent. are owners. Again, when we compare the agricultural output of the two countries the difference is even more astounding. With a cultivated area approximately one-third larger than that of the United Kingdom, the product of the German farms is four times as great as those of the United Kingdom. And even these facts, that should have rung like a warning bell over England and turned her face not in rivalry toward her thrifty neighbor but toward her own depopulated acres—even these facts do not tell the full story of the relative rise and fall of these two great peoples. During the thirty years ending 1911 the grass lands of England increased by 3,000,000 acres and the sheep by 2,000,000, whereas in Germany during the same period the grass lands fell off by 7,000,000 acres, and the sheep by 14,000,000! While to keep up her foreign trade, the nurse of her exhausted cities, England has felt compelled to sacrifice her people to sheep, Germany has sacrificed her sheep for the good of her people and has found other ways of securing a foreign trade that is fast overtaking that of England.

But within the past few years a new age has dawned for Germany, as sooner or later it must dawn for every nation. Eventually, after prodigal wandering, humanity must again face the problem of the soil. And no matter how economically the ancestral territory may have been used, to an expanding race sooner or later the ancient question will return. So far as Germany is concerned, that day has already arrived. With an area one-fifth less than Texas and with a population over two-thirds that of the whole United States, Germany finds herself facing identically the same problem that England is facing, the problem of land. But for Germany, unfortunately, it has proved a gordian knot, the untying of which has brought her into conflict with her neighbors, whereas for England the problem is altogether a domestic one. Let us look into this a little more closely, for here it is we shall find that terrible dilemma between the horns of which at last, after centuries of evasion, England is caught.

By what blunder of the Fates has it come about that the German people should wake up to the fact that they need land just when the English people were waking up to a similar need? Where was England's perpetual good

fortune that this should have been allowed? Why could not the one or the other have been postponed? For consider the irony of the situation, the difficulty in which England now finds herself.

There is not one argument which the Liberal Party has used against the landlords of England—and they are many and weighty—that Germany cannot use with equal justice against England herself. For who that is acquainted with the Island Kingdom and with the empire over which her scepter is potent does not know that England sustains the same relation to the crowded peoples of the world as do her own landlords to the crowded peoples of England. Loosen for a moment the imagination and let it lift up and flatten out the surface of the globe. Now magically diminish it and lay it upon the Island Kingdom, distributing its population according to the cities. Then look at it from above. London is China, Glasgow is India, Liverpool is Germany, etc. And the wide grass lands of the island are Canada, Australia, and South Africa. If the Liberal Party, which at present is the government of England, is right in its demand that the wide acres of the landlords in England be returned to the people, by what logic

has this same party arrived at the conclusion that the crowded peoples of the world have no claim upon the unoccupied provinces of Great Britain? Is it because the title which England holds to her provinces is sounder than that held by the English landlords to their estates? It needs but the slightest acquaintance with the manner in which these provinces were acquired to correct this impression. How few has she ever paid for, how many has she, directly or indirectly, acquired by the sword!

By the law of the talent, he that uses one well shall receive two. Has the Island Kingdom used her seventy million ancestral acres better than Germany her one hundred and thirty-five million that the former is entitled to more than ten times the amount of the earth's surface enjoyed by the latter? Why, for instance, should the German, if he wishes to leave his native land and take up his home in foreign parts, be obliged to settle in a limited area of Africa or in some of the other infinitesimal German possessions, uncongenial they may be, and offering little opportunity for the development of his talent, while the Englishman, setting forth on a similar mission, has every continent and every climate to choose from?

It may be said that the British colonies are open to the German immigrant as they are open to the immigrants of other nations, even to those from England herself. While this is true, while there are no barriers in the way of a German's making his home in any of the innumerable British possessions, there is a condition to such settlement which, to a proud people, is the greatest barrier in the world. Fortunately or unfortunately, there is still such a thing as patriotism. To say to the German, forced out of his own country by its growing population, that there is one-fifth of the globe with vast unsettled tracts upon no acre of which he can make his home and take part in the government of the country without becoming a British subject, is essentially a "no-permit." Undoubtedly there are regions, and wide regions, that in the nature of things should be under one sovereignty, but it is evident that there should be some limit to this. The claim must rest upon something more solid than mere conquest—upon racial or geographical unity. To allow a nation to seize and hold fast by the sword far-scattered possessions inhabited by heterogeneous peoples and to impose its citizenship upon every incomer who desires to live the full life of a free man, to ex-

press himself in the government as well as in the business of the country, is a temptation to conquest and a hate-breeder which humanity cannot afford to perpetuate.

Would England herself in this matter of land be willing to square her domestic policy with her foreign policy? Would she be willing to accept, for instance, as a compromise of the fight she is waging to recover from the peers her people's acres, the condition which she herself imposes upon those who seek homes in her foreign possessions, viz.: that the people who settle upon these royal estates shall become *ipso facto* tenants upon the land, free to plow and sow and market their products, yes; but in the matter of their civic life no longer subjects of England, owing allegiance to the government of England, but belonging henceforth solely to these peers? Even those nations whose sympathy is with the Allies in the present conflict are awake to the moral dilemma in which England is involved and are wondering how when the present war is over she will extricate herself.

For landlordism no less than militarism is one of the problems that must somehow be solved by this war, if the peace which the world is hoping will come is to be a permanent peace.

For the terrible sacrifices which Europe is making to end war would be to no purpose were its aim simply to abolish preparations for war and not also causes of war. So long as there is one nation that, without restraint and as the mood seizes it, is allowed to confiscate the lands of weak peoples in every part of the earth and to compel every person who settles within this conquered territory and who wishes to participate in the government of his new home to sever his connection with his own country and become a subject of the conquering nation, it is as plain as day that the present war will be followed by another and still another, until landlordism too has disappeared. If the matter is not settled now and settled rightly, it will be brought up again, we may be sure, until some measure of justice shall have been secured. Any talk of disarmament that does not provide also for the disarmament of the landlord is a mere bandying of useless words. For, as we have seen, landlordism is the main cause of militarism. And of the two, if we may judge by the comparative condition of the people of England where landlordism has had full sway, and the people of Germany among whom militarism has come to its most perfect flower, we are forced to ad-

mit that of the two curses landlordism is the more disastrous.

If England, with the help of her powerful allies and the sympathy of the neutral world, can lift from the back of the German people the burden of militarism, and if the German people can reciprocate this favor by lifting from the back of the English people the burden of landlordism, grown to monstrous proportions through the centuries, a solid foundation of friendship will have been established between the future generations of the two countries, and the present war will have gone far toward deserving that enviable title, the War to End War.

EMPIRE OR FEDERATION

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EMPIRE OR FEDERATION

IF any one had said, during those unsettled years immediately following the American Revolution when the thirteen states that had been allies during the conflict were falling apart, each jealously guarding its own separate identity, that within one hundred and twenty-five years there would be, extending from sea to sea, one Government which would be the arbiter of all disputes among them and that this Government would maintain peace within her vast borders, even going so far as to interfere in local affairs when the state refused or was unable to keep peace, ninety-nine men out of a hundred would probably have jeered at such a prophecy.

Internationally we are to-day in a situation fundamentally identical with that in which our states were immediately following the Revolution. And to-day as yesterday, eyes are looking into the future to glimpse if possible what is to be the outcome of it all, for it is evident that this

clashing of nation with nation cannot go on forever. The business of humanity is growth and development, and the intelligence of mankind can be counted upon eventually to take hold of this international problem and prevent the hurling of one people against another by state rivalry. Even were there nothing at stake more important to the world than trade, it is inconceivable that intelligent human beings will tolerate indefinitely the confusion and destruction which are now the order of the day. And it is to this consideration more probably than to the higher ones of morality that we may look for an ending of the business of war. For in the last analysis this thing which we call trade is the physical nervous system over which the finer sentiments of mankind flash to and fro to the ends of the earth. And more than once in the history of the world have commercial considerations supplied the main motive for larger political unions. It was this, we remember, that started the movement which resulted in the establishment of our own Federal Union.

There was a time when the people of Holland were content periodically to pick up their possessions or such part of them as they could get

away with and flee before the sea, until finally the futility of this procedure struck home and dikes were built to hold back the ocean. What the Hollanders have done to secure for themselves peace uninterrupted by the ravages of the sea, the brains of Europe may be depended upon to do against the intolerable ravages of war. And just as in any part of the world, if a people were threatened by the sea, they would, if they were wise, take counsel with Holland and acquaint themselves with the steps taken by that country to put an end to her menace, so we may be sure that sooner or later the nations of Europe will turn to the United States of America for light upon the problem which now confronts them. For it is becoming evident that the political evolution of Europe despite the innumerable obstacles that stand in its way, will follow out in a general manner either those lines along which the United States have come, federation, or those other lines along which Germany and Russia have traveled in the building up of their nationality, conquest of the weaker by the stronger. There is no third way.

And indeed if we will look into it, this second plan has already been tried at least five distinct times in the history of Europe. The Cæsars

tried it and were never able to extend their power beyond the Rhine. Charlemagne tried it and, while he succeeded in pushing the boundaries of his empire northward to the Baltic, in the South, Spain and southern Italy remained aloof. The Fredericks and the Ottos tried it and their failure postponed for centuries the rise of modern Germany. Charles V tried it and in the very heart of his empire, France, despite the forces hurled against her, was able to maintain her independence. Napoleon tried it and for all his unequaled ability as a conqueror, the North and East remained unsubdued. And every one of these partial successes toward the unification of Europe has been followed by a break-up; in every case blood and treasure have been lavished in vain.

And yet, as though the people of Europe were unaware of all this, for a sixth time it is being tried. East and west, Germany is hurling her might against those eternal walls at the base of which, forgotten it would seem, lie the bones of the ancestors of the present armies. And already, as though Nature had determined to convince the people of Europe that they are going about it in the wrong way, despite the unparalleled slaughter, the like of which none of

the other would-be conquerors of the Continent ever knew, the surge has been checked, the iron lines that were to encircle Europe are at bay. The lesson which it took France, under Napoleon, twenty years to learn, and the Romans centuries, Germany is learning in a few months. Is it possible that Europe will require further proof that she is pursuing the wrong course toward peace and unity? Will she still persist in her madness until that Power, which is ever working toward the unification of separated peoples, finally relents and gives Europe her heart's desire—at the hands of Russia?

Will Italy and France wait until by some new alliance—alliances are ever changing—the at-present disrupted Teutonic peoples are brought into a menacing unity, and one by land and the other by sea go forth together to accomplish the inevitable? Will England wait until some flash of common interest and common desire for those rich and widely separated parts of her empire shall unite against her the peoples of the Continent? Will Germany wait until that which little Belgium has suffered at the hands of Germany, Germany in her turn shall suffer at the hands of the over-flowing population of Russia? One thing is certain: if after the present war the

lesson of the ages is still not learned, that sympathy which, despite their continued folly, the world still feels for the separated peoples of Europe will not be forthcoming when the sword of the Slav shall come down and put an end forever to their dissensions.

When the smoke of the present war has blown away and it has become clear even to the blind that for nineteen hundred years the peoples of Europe have been vainly struggling in the *cul-de-sac* of an imperial state, prophets upon the mountain tops will turn their eyes across the sea, and as America has in many instances profited by the experience of Europe, Europe in turn will profit by the experience of America. We may not have distinguished ourselves in a world way in the arts; we may not have worked out so well as Europe some of those social and municipal problems which are daily becoming more acute, but in this at least we stand supreme: we have solved the problem of the unification of states; we have demonstrated beyond controversy that it is possible for separated governments to interwork under the superintendence of one, and that all this is not inconsistent with the expansion of the liberty of the individual. So much at least we have ac-

complished, and after a hundred and twenty-five years of experience we believe that our system as a whole is sound and capable of successful operation in any part of the world.

Europe, of course, has obstacles to overcome in the application of the American system which our forefathers had not to face. The inhabitants of the thirteen Colonies were virtually a unit in race, in religion, and in their conception of the relation between the state and the individual. And, furthermore, a common language underwarped their every-day life and preserved, despite their multifarious political and commercial rivalries, all the essentials of brotherhood. And therefore the task which confronted the statesmen of our Revolutionary period was of a superficial nature and easy of performance as compared with that which confronts European statesmen to-day. It is difficult for us in America to realize the height and extent of the barriers that must be overcome before the people of Europe may permanently settle down to the enjoyment of that order and security which we who have grown up in it have come to regard as a natural endowment, like space and air.

Instead of one race, Europe has at least three, of such magnitude and influence in continental

affairs that no effort toward unification is in the least worth while that does not meet with the approval of all three. The Latin race, composed of the Italians, the French, the Spanish and the Portuguese peoples; the Teutonic race, made up of the English, the German, the Austrian, the Dutch, the Swede, the Norwegian, and the Dane; and the Slavonic race, embracing chiefly the Russian proper and the Pole, whether in Russia or in Germany or in Austria, together with almost all the Balkan peoples, and many others chiefly in the Austrian provinces—all these must somehow be reconciled and brought to a knowledge of their fundamental identity and to a willingness to give and take to the end that strife among them may be put away.

The difficulty inherent in the bringing together of these alien elements is accentuated when we remember that these three races represent on the whole three distinct religions or rather three distinct branches of one religion. The Latin is, of course, mainly Roman Catholic, the Teuton chiefly Protestant, while the Slav belongs on the whole to the Orthodox or Greek Catholic Church. And between these, between even the two conservative branches, the Roman Catholic and the Greek Catholic, the differences, far from being

superficial, strike deep into their essential structure. On the other hand, as a solid beam running the full length and reinforcing these three pieces is the mighty secular age that is growing up. Yesterday enlightened Europe was the battle-ground of fighting faiths. To-day even the Turk, whose sword once swept the earth at the call of the Prophet, is deaf to the preaching of a holy war. Slowly but surely out of the wreckage of narrow sects and religions a single spacious temple is rising to be the home of a new and united humanity.

Sooner or later the nations will follow the sects, though the lines of the former are lamentably slow in disappearing. So far as those of the Latin stock are concerned, they seem to have passed through that passion for empire from which England too is just emerging into a strange lassitude, and with which Germany, whose youth, as we have seen, has been prolonged, is so aflame. And the Slav, solitary there in the North, is just entering the period of his nationality, and has had so little intercourse with the other nations of Europe that offhand we should say that he would probably be distrustful of any suggestions of federation. And yet if we are wise we will ponder long the

character and history of this people before we venture upon such an assumption. The Slav in many respects, owing to his mingling with the Oriental, is older and more mature than either the Latin or the Teuton. And, as I have tried to show elsewhere, he is instinctively more co-operative and by nature more capable of brotherhood than many of his apparently more advanced neighbors. That this is no fancy at once becomes evident when we remember that it was at the initiative of the present Czar of Russia that there was established as a preliminary step to a greater union the Hague Court which, discredited though it now is, was at least a proffer of brotherhood. And as a further reminder to the world that is too prone to forget the nobler side of Russian character, who was it that exactly one hundred years before the outbreak of the present war proposed to the nations of Europe "a league of which the principle was to be obligatory mediation, and which should aim, among other objects, at framing a code of the law of nations"? Alexander I, Czar of Russia. With what feeling must Europe now look back upon that offer!

And, in respect of language, consider, as compared to America of the Revolution, the babel of

tongues that cry division through Europe. We in America, into whose wide and vital language alien tongues disappear as streams disappear into the ocean, understand virtually nothing of the difficulties which are bred of these linguistic differences. Of the problem which Austria-Hungary has encountered in the face of this confusion, we know something. And Europe is but a larger Austria-Hungary. But Austria's difficulty, we must remember, arose from the fact that she sought this blending of tongues to further her own despotic domination, whereas the spirit of federation is in its very nature conciliatory.

Though marked, the differences which we have enumerated are in reality much less important than they appear and may confidently be expected to give way when once the people realize that permanent peace is absolutely impossible until some greater union is brought about. Certainly when they once understand that it is possible to establish a United States of Europe without seriously interfering with these local interests, we may be sure that the chief obstacle to the attainment of the great union will have been removed. If they can be made to see, for instance, that Italy may still be

Italy, that Russia may still go on with her national development, that each nation may continue to work out in its own way its peculiar destiny, retaining even its monarch—if after the present war there are such things—it is inconceivable, when the people once fully understand this, that they will allow their petty jealousies of one another to prevent the coming of that one which all may hail as a common savior.

The only obstacle of serious aspect that stands in the way of this larger union is, of course, the character of the new thing and its relation to its creators. And it is upon this phase of the matter that the experience of America may be of infinite value in determining what that character and those relations should be. For in this most important respect, America's problem of yesterday and Europe's problem of to-day are identical.

In the first place, then, if Europe is wise she will read the political history of America from the first appearance of the Colonies as free states and will dwell long upon that rudimentary union which they first formed and will consider carefully its workings between the establishment of peace and the adoption of the Constitution. For it was during this period that

America solved the vital problems of union, the neglect of which has again brought Europe to the verge of destruction. In these pages she will find among independent states the same reluctance to a larger union which for centuries has marked the history of Europe. A thousand years hence when the World State has been firmly established, the political work of the Anglo-Saxon will probably stand out as his supreme contribution. And nowhere thus far has his marvelous political vision led him more directly to the true path than it did in America in that important decade between 1780 and 1790. For if we omit the period of the war when foreign pressure held the thirteen states together, five years of independent life were sufficient to demonstrate conclusively to the people of the separate states that independence was inconsistent with their highest development. And they began forthwith to lay the foundations of a "more perfect union" than that under which they had lived hitherto. And in looking over the efforts which they made to get light upon the problem of union, we are struck with the breadth of knowledge which the leaders of the union movement had gathered from the history and experience of other peoples. Every virtue and

every flaw in the political systems of the past, from the Delphic Amphictiony to the Union of the Swiss Cantons, are at their tongues' ends, and they are able and willing to profit by the mistakes of others. Similarly, European statesmen, if they are wise, will profit by the mistakes of our forefathers.

One of these mistakes which became apparent almost immediately after peace had been established was the idea which had prevailed from the very beginning of their separation from England, that a loose confederation would be sufficient. That Europe had not profited in this regard by the experience of America is evident in the faith and large expectations which she placed in the Hague Court. Foolish as we now see that our forefathers were and as they themselves within a few years realized, to their credit it must be said that at no time even in their most complete isolation were they so visionary as to imagine that a mere court of arbitration would serve any practical purpose. Their very first efforts to bring about a closer relation between the states resulted in a congress with power compared to which, weak as it was, was immeasurably more adequate than that exercised by the Hague Court. The Continental

Congress was a sincere effort toward union, whereas the Hague Court is something obviously set up for no other purpose, it would seem, than to gratify the aspirations of certain well-meaning idealists among the nations. Conceive of the legislative and executive departments of any of our large cities, especially its police system, to be suddenly abolished, leaving only the courts, and these exercising, not as now, power to compel to come before them those charged with crime, but acting as arbitrators only when requested, and you have a comical picture in all its dignity of the Hague Court among the nations. Compare to this pale, do-nothing judiciary the first Continental Congress that met under the Articles of Confederation. Among these Articles which marked the first serious get-together movement among the new states, we find the following provisions. Imagine even these in force in Europe before August 1, 1914, and conceive what might now be the happy condition of the continent:

No vessels of war shall be kept in time of peace by any State, except such number only as shall be deemed necessary by the United States, in Congress assembled, for the defense of such State or its trade; nor shall any body of forces be kept up by any State in time of

peace, except such number only as, in the judgment of the United States, in Congress assembled, shall be deemed requisite to garrison the forts necessary for the defense of such State; . . .

No State shall engage in any war without the consent of the United States, in Congress assembled, unless such State be actually invaded by enemies, or shall have received certain advice of a resolution being formed by some nation . . . to invade such State, and the danger is so imminent as not to admit of a delay, till the United States, in Congress assembled, can be consulted; nor shall any State grant commissions to any ships or vessels of war, nor letters of mark or reprisal, except it be after a declaration of war by the United States, in Congress assembled, and then only against the kingdom or State, and the subjects thereof, against which war has been so declared, and under such regulations as shall be established by the United States, in Congress assembled, . . .

The United States, in Congress assembled, shall have the sole and exclusive right and power of determining on peace and war, except in the cases mentioned. . . .

The United States, in Congress assembled, shall also be the last resort on appeal in all disputes now subsisting or that hereafter may arise between two or more States concerning boundary, jurisdiction, or any other cause whatever;—

And for the further strengthening of the new union, the aforesaid Congress was authorized to appoint a committee, one delegate from each state, to sit in the recess of Congress, and such other committees and officers as might be neces-

sary for managing the general affairs of the United States under their direction.

Here, more than a century and a quarter ago, was an experiment in political union which so far as any influence it has had upon efforts toward international union, might as well never have been made. Nowhere among European statesmen do we find that open mind, that eagerness to get light upon the problem of the larger state, which characterized the early Americans in a similar condition of disunion. Time and again, as we have seen, they have plunged into the abyss of war, cherishing the vain hope that somehow or other the bubble of empire might light upon them. And when peace has returned and the old question of how war may be avoided for the future has again pushed to the front, never has any serious suggestion led toward the path of federation, but always it has seemed that peace was to be found along the lines of more highly developed nationalities, and then by so grouping these nationalities and so balancing one group against another that the least tampering with the foundations would inevitably bring down the whole mass. In a word, the European mind, despite its centuries of experience in state building, has thus far shown itself incapable of

seeing beyond a loose political dualism. In the face of failure after failure, they have continued with childlike trust to build upon the sand of alliances. When a strong nation has been won away to the other side, decades of hatred of that nation have suddenly disappeared and shouts have gone up over the new camp-fellow as though this time the good fortune were to be eternal. And this has gone on with fatuous illusion, generation after generation. How often have the capitals of Europe thrilled at the rumor of a new ally! To-day it is the czar, to-morrow Italy, and the next day the Japanese. Kings have become popular and statesmen famous by the mere signing up of a new companion-in-arms. Cabinets have fallen because this advantage has been lost. Indeed, the main purpose of European statesmanship has been the forging of stronger alliances.

In this respect, the ambassadors of European nations lead the world. How thoroughly acquainted they are with every vital need and secret ambition of the state which they may happen at the time to be seeking as an ally! And with what finesse and profound understanding are the advantages of such an alliance presented! And once secured, what incalculable

sums of money are often advanced to render the new ally capable of the most powerful support in time of war!

And in this respect what marvels have been accomplished! Like the fleets of the Lilliputians, nation has been pulled from nation. The ends of the earth have been brought together. At a stroke of the pen those "eternal" racial antipathies about which we have been hearing so much, have completely vanished. Between England and France, between the German and the Turk, between the Russian and the Japanese, a wonderful love appears. And all these prodigious labors have been spent solely to bring about coöperation in time of war. Toward cooperation in time of peace and for peaceful purposes, toward union, toward a United States of Europe, nothing has been done. We have Gladstones and Bismarcks and Cavours, but not one single European statesman. As far as political vision is concerned Julius Cæsar, two thousand years ago, saw as far as they. And it is from these nations that the dream now goes forth to rule the world!

For anything potential of the slightest advantage in the time of war, the European mind has been as marvelously open as was the mind

of the Greek to the beauties of art. If in the remotest corner of the globe some new explosive has shown itself in the test-tube of some laboratory, how quickly has the rumor of it reached the cabinets of Europe, and with what persistence and with what stealth and with what corruption of men has the secret been sought out! Consider the war equipment of the European nations and see how cosmopolitan they are. The brains of the world are there. In dreadnought construction, in air craft, in mines and torpedoes, to the smallest device of shell extraction, how familiar is Europe with the best that America has produced! Indeed, this acquaintance with what we have done toward success in war is equaled only by the ignorance of what we have done to avert war. In nothing is the essential martial character of Europe more conspicuous than in its respect for American war inventions and its contempt for American peace inventions. Has a single European statesman read the history of the formation of the United States of America with any insight into its possible application to the European situation? To have read it as a book is one thing. To have read it as a page of life, luminous with divine guidance for the promo-

ters of a union of states, is quite a different thing. Do these builders of the Hague Court know, I wonder, that that first attempt of America toward union, centuries ahead of the Hague Court as it was in practical statesmanship—do they know that a hundred and twenty-five years ago this attempt failed? And do they know why it failed? And have they ever considered what our forefathers did to remedy these defects?

It is probably too much to expect, however, that an appreciation of what America has accomplished in the science of government should show itself among the confident European statesmen before the conviction has struck bottom that their own systems have failed. To an outsider, with even the most general knowledge of the war cycles in European history, it would seem that that hour is already long overdue. Yet even now, torn as that continent again is with the strife of states, virtually all that we hear bearing upon the to-morrow of peace has to do in one way or another with the pernicious old idea of empire, with the British empire or the German empire or the Russian empire, and with guesses at which of these will achieve the ultimate dominion. Above the thunder of can-

non and the wail of the wounded, not a voice from the inmost heart of any of the warring peoples is heard demanding that the nation cease its struggle for empire and enter with others upon the path of federation. Millions go singing down the road to death, clasping to their bosoms the hope of empire or the determination, hand in hand as allies, to hurl back the imperial legions. Perhaps when the war is over the nations of Europe will perceive the necessity of something more permanent than alliances. But just now, if such an aspiration exists, it lies completely hidden under the smoke and tumult of war.

THE FALL OR RISE OF SOCIALISM

VI

THE FALL OR RISE OF SOCIALISM

FOR a time at least the "menace of Socialism" has been laid. That dark cloud which for years has been gathering over Europe, threatening the nations with revolution, has suddenly been swallowed up by a thunder-storm, to avert which was one of the aims of Socialism. Therefore it is a double defeat that Socialism has suffered; her dream of peace has been shattered, and that other dream, of more substantial promise—the rise of an international working-class which, with myriads of hands interlocked across boundaries and through alien tongues, was to establish brotherhood and bring in the new age, at least for the working-population of Europe—this orb, too, has passed behind the dark planet of war. Those elaborate plans for the overthrow of capitalism, that consuming passion and infectious self-sacrifice for a new and better order of daily life, those mighty leaders, and those strong lines of brave men, who,

with their feet upon the idea of nationality, were holding Europe together—little ridges of sand caught up as by a whirlwind and blown away. The German is German still, *la belle France* is mightier than Jaurès, the troops that England is sending to the Continent are landing not as Socialists, but as soldiers. Once more it is made plain that the old is stronger than the new, that a passion that has had its home in the human heart for a thousand years will outlast the passion of yesterday.

To a large class, the world over, this check and apparent collapse of Socialism is the one compensation for the horrors of the present war. For to a class living in affluence and security, breathing the air of a perpetual Sans Souci, the killing and wounding of millions of men, the paralyzing of business, and the wide suffering spread abroad to a degree through all lands—all this, seen from the window, is at least to be preferred to hostile forces seriously at work under the foundations of the house. And it was the foundations of society, or of that part of society that is peculiarly interested in the preservation of the present order, that Socialism was sapping. And therefore a catastrophe which diverts such forces from their sub-

terranean attack comes to this class not without a certain cause for gratification. For the present war is in Europe, and its horrors are chiefly confined to that continent; whereas the menace of Socialism was world-wide. And the present war, too, is a thing of the present, whereas Socialism, could it have been triumphant, would have perpetuated itself beyond any possibility to foresee its end. And therefore the long sigh of relief that the menace is past. When the present war is over, society will settle down to work in the good old way. Karl Marx, that idol of millions, will take his place upon the shelf beside Owen and Fourier in that long line of dreamers of the impossible.

And something of the same feeling that the great movement has suffered a severe set-back is shared by many of those to whom the advancement of Socialism has been a life-work. Everywhere there is despair of vanished hopes, or at least an acute disappointment. And while the conviction still lingers that the cause which the now-atrophied thing represented is just and that the long and arduous work of education has not been wholly in vain, it has come as a blow upon the head that a surge of such strength and such grandiose movement should suddenly be

arested and thrust under, while, as though no effort had been made to erase them, old national lines reappear.

Despite this gratification and disappointment, however, it is quite possible that the surprise in this respect which the present war has occasioned may be equaled by another surprise which may come when the smoke and uproar have passed away. For this war is not something which, meteor-like, without any connection with our world life, dropped upon us from the skies, and which will presently go back into the skies, leaving only ruined buildings and the scarred earth to remind humanity that a storm has passed. Slowly, through long years, it has projected itself from the soul of the peoples of Europe as an ear of corn is projected from its stalk. And when peace has returned, the consequences, we may be sure, will flood back into the soul of man and show themselves in all the activities of the future. To Socialists, therefore, as well as to those who, for one reason or another, oppose Socialism, the point of vital concern is how seriously the ideal of Socialism has been affected by the present war; in a word, whether what we have witnessed is indeed the downfall of Socialism or, as is not impossible,

a violent clearing away of those encumbrances for the removal of which the educational process was too slow.

In speaking of the erasure of Socialism by nationalism, I have said that it is the erasure of the younger by the older, a creed of yesterday by a primal impulse that strikes its root far back in the past. And this is the popular view, that Socialism had its origin in Karl Marx, whereas we come upon the ruins of nations under the sand mounds of Egypt and Babylonia. But is this true? Did Socialism appear suddenly upon the earth with the publication of *Das Kapital,* and has it, with no previous preparation, built that mighty structure, the collapse of which—if it has collapsed—has been heard above the thunder of cannon? Or did the publication of that book simply release into a new channel forces which in one way or another had been operative since the beginning of the world?

Socialism—what does Socialism mean? Evidently mass action as opposed to individual effort. For when we eliminate the individual accretions, when we boil down the thousand and one definitions by which men have sought to outline and express the real meaning of this world-

troubler, this is the residue, that it is an associated effort. That this effort during the last half-century has been consciously directed toward industrial ends, toward a more scientific production and a more equitable distribution, in no wise affects the great fact that the essence of Socialism is coöperation. And anything that stimulates coöperation, in whatever direction it may turn the energies of men, is certain to bring results that sooner or later will show themselves in every part of the social structure, just as at the coming of spring the awakening influence of this season is seen in every living portion of the landscape.

Consider from this point of view the meaning of war. Here, it is evident, is the oldest Socialist movement among men, the one enterprise in which in all times and in all countries men have shown not only a willingness, but a passion, to sacrifice themselves for what they conceived to be the common good. War alone has been the great corrector of the too highly developed self. That demon which we see to-day strewing the fields of Europe with the slain, he, it seems, was the first, as he is still the one inspiring, instructor in the supreme glory of the effacement of the individual, or more exactly,

let us say, in the creation of a social choir in which there is a happy blending and a joyous co-operation of parts.

Time and again during the last eight months we have heard the expression, "the war machine." The term itself indicates a consciousness on the part of men that here is a social thing that is working toward a given end with that perfect unity of action which characterizes a piece of machinery. And not solely because of the monstrous work in which it is engaged, but also because of this nice adjustment of part to part and the smooth movement of the whole, we think of the thing as inhuman. Educated to the idea that life, to be life, must be a competition between persons, that friction is somehow necessary to individual and social efficiency and well-being, we are sterile of images with which to set forth in human terms the marvelous coöperation of part with part and every part with the whole which we see in the national war movements in Europe, and therefore we call them machines. But if we will only watch the working of these machines in themselves, apart from their collision with one another, we shall find that there is something admirable here, something which as far surpasses the or-

ganization of the peaceful work of the world as harmony surpasses discord.

How comes it we have neglected the real lesson of war and have clung only to the bloody husk? To what flaw in man's character or to what blunting of the finer faculties of the mind are we to ascribe the astounding fact that the machinery of death has been socialized while the machinery of life has been left competitive; that when a nation goes forth to destroy there flashes through the millions of that nation a marvelous comradeship, and the moment the purpose of the war has been accomplished and the armies are disbanded to return to the machinery of peaceful industry, these comrades are obliged to unlearn all those fine lessons in co-operation for the common good and begin again that competitive struggle with one another which in many ways is more cruel and destructive both to the individual and to society than the armed conflict that is going on to-day? If we could withdraw ourselves from the social organism into which we are born and which we accept as the natural order of things, and view for the first time the activities of men, we should be much less surprised that men should go to war from the fierce struggle of a competitive

system than that they should return to a competitive system from that hand-in-hand adventure in coöperation and brotherhood in which, in these epic movements, from the first to the last drum-beat they are absorbed. Only when nation is attacking nation, it seems, are peoples capable of swarming forth in that unity of spirit to establish which as a permanent relation among men has been the supreme aim of idealists since society began.

It has been said—and of all arguments against Socialism this probably has been the most effective—that only by competition of man with man is it possible to kindle and keep burning that divine flame of enthusiasm which is essential to individual efficiency, and therefore that anything tending to eliminate competition would tend inevitably to reduce society to sluggish monotony. Yet from one end of Europe to the other, along lines of battle in which thousands of men, rivals of yesterday, are drawn up shoulder to shoulder, coöperating with one another with such singleness of aim as to make almost sacrilegious the least suggestion of rivalry, along these interminable lines runs an enthusiasm which it would be impossible to increase were every soldier fighting for his private gain.

Nowhere is there a thought of self, and yet everywhere there is ardor. Even that class-struggle beyond which many Socialists have been unable to see, the elimination of which they have declared to be impossible, has here completely disappeared. Men eminent in the higher work of the world in days of peace, men rich in talent or in wealth, feel honored to serve in places however obscure in the present war. If competition of nation with nation in an armed enterprise, socialized as we see it is to the smallest detail, is sufficient to kindle so vast an enthusiasm among men, why is it we imagine that a similar competition of nation with nation in the peaceful industries, socialized as are the present war movements, but working toward a divine purpose, the peaceful and joyous development of the race, would render the man apathetic? What a monstrous indictment of the moral order of the universe it would be were it true that coöperation for the common good is profitable only in war, but that in peace this same common good requires for its advancement the utmost license of man to prey upon man! Under a truth like this, could the human mind realize it, humanity would stagger to a despair darker even than that caused by present brutal

catastrophe. For this would clang to forever the door of hope.

Strangely enough, just as we are thinking these thoughts and wondering if it is indeed possible to kindle and keep alive in men engaged in their normal occupations of production something of the enthusiasm which has been aroused by the present savage excitement, along comes one of the foremost of American manufacturers who, having caught a glimpse of the new age that is dawning, has for a year had his vast thousands at work upon a profit sharing basis, and testifies that so marvelous has been the increase of enthusiasm among the men to whom this good fortune has come that the company has found it necessary to hold them back lest in their overzeal they go too far. Now if this has been the result simply of a small sharing of the profits, is it unreasonable to suppose that even greater results of this kind would be obtained if the interest of these workers were extended not only to profits, but to ownership also? He is a poor student of human nature who does not know that men are more interested in freedom than in wages. If this manufacturer or any other of our great employers is curious to know the full capacity of men for efficient pro-

duction and for advancement toward a thrifty and self-helpful human life, let him begin a gradual distribution of ownership with the promise to the men that the plant shall be theirs just as soon as by a wise discharge of their increased responsibilities they can prove that they are capable of complete ownership. Then we shall see whether the business of killing men is more fruitful of enthusiasm than the healthful activities of peace and growth and independence.

But not only in the unity of emotion which it has engendered, but also in the practical working of this emotion, the present war is probably the most perfect demonstration of the efficiency of Socialism that the world has ever witnessed. To produce this efficient coöperation, what centuries of training have been required! How slow man has been to learn the advantage of applying even in war this great lesson! When we remember that in the beginnings of society armed bands, the embryos of the present armies, were obliged somehow to find their own food, and that among all early states down even until within recent times, every soldier was expected to supply his own arms and equipment, it begins to dawn upon us that our present amazing

efficiency in things military is due almost solely to the fact that the state of war has for centuries been in process of socialization, that the individual who yesterday was obliged to take thought for his clothing, for his armor, even for his own food and shelter, has to-day only to do his duty as a soldier to be free of all these cares. The tocsin sounds, and the clothing appears; the rifle, instinct with life, it would seem, leaps to his hand; for the cavalryman the horse with bridle and saddle is ready. For every man his implement is at hand. Long trains are in waiting, and with what unimaginable conveniences! Kitchens with cooks capped and aproned; hospitals with doctors and nurses, cots and bandages, medicine for the least blister of the foot. A whole society is in motion. Comforts such as men dream of in their homes are here in abundance. To the gathering millions, come, many of them, from long years of galling economy, it is as though some magician were abroad assembling out of the air these wonders. The age of childhood has returned. One has only to run to the great father and be fed with the most wholesome food, and clothed with the most scientific clothing, and have poured out at his feet such toys as the heart of a child never

dreamed of; swords and guns and cannon of every description; trains and motors, submarines and flying-ships; search-lights for the night and wonderful telescopes for the day. And in what quantities! Usually when a plaything has been broken, there are days of deprivation. Not so here.

And once in motion, consider the care, the attention, which the great father bestows upon his children. Man who was yesterday an orphan is to-day a cherished offspring. And of how devoted a father! Every part of the equipment has been arranged with a view to the greatest facility and comfort of motion and repose, from the tooth-brush to the shoe cut to fit the exceptional foot. He has only to march and rest and eat. Where axes are needed, there are axes; for trenches there are spades. And on the firing-line he has only to shoot. The hand is there with the ammunition. And let him be wounded, and instantly the great father becomes the great mother. The despatch and thoroughness with which he is attended are limited only by the capacity of the service. Not here neglect, with idle doctors all about. Money or no money, he is cared for. For once his real worth as a man is appreciated. This is the most as-

tonishing thing about the present war. It has made of the miner, the mason, the factory-hand, the street-car conductor an asset of such value that for the first time it has become, with no opposition even from the capitalist press, the sacred duty of society to see not only that he is well fed and well clothed, but also that at the public expense he is supplied with doctors and nurses. And as he lingers between life and death, never a thought of who is to meet the expenses of the burial, never the hell that perhaps wife and children will starve. The great father and the great mother will provide for them.

Never before in the history of the world, I repeat, has there been such a practical demonstration of the Socialist theory—the theory that somehow or other the individual would be better off and society better off if the latter would take charge of that part of the business of life which is necessary to the efficiency of the individual whether in peace or in war.

What do those who claim that Socialism has fallen understand by Socialism? Because the Socialists of Germany and France and England and Russia failed to prevent the present war or, further, at the first shot sprang at one another's

throat, has Socialism therefore failed? Are there still intelligent people who do not know that the prevention of war has nothing to do with the essential aim of Socialism, but is simply one of those things of minor importance which Socialism hopes to accomplish in its great march? It would be strange indeed if the leaders of a great modern movement that had for its aim the reorganization of society did not see that the real objective of any social crusade worthy of the name is the socialization of the days of peace. The ending of war, however desirable, is subordinate to this, the betterment of the normal life. For who does not see that we do not end war when we put a stop to war between nations? It is only the most superficial view of war that would confine its meaning to a conflict between states. Any wide social struggle that is attended in its natural course by great suffering is war. For the essence of war is a needless competition, whether between states or corporations or individuals, that results in wide-spread suffering. No one acquainted with the social conditions among vast masses of the population of almost every nation can fail to be aware that even before August 1, 1914, some great destroyer was abroad. It is unnecessary

to dwell upon these things. We need, in passing, to pick out only one fact: there is no child labor in war.

Imagine what it must be like to thousands of those now in the armies of Europe to wake in the morning with the new sensation that the day's wants have been provided for, to have fall into their laps, as though the heavens had opened, such unfamiliar comforts as mittens and overcoats. For undoubtedly there are in these vast hosts countless numbers who know what it is to walk shabbily clad the streets of Paris and Berlin and London and Petrograd, wondering where the next meal is to come from and where they are to find lodging for the night, or who, falling sick, have been tormented with the thought of what will become of them. There are thousands of fathers, doubtless, who will hurl themselves upon the bayonets of the enemy with less anguish, knowing that, if they fall, their families will be better taken care of than if they were to die in their own beds, having been brought home injured from the field or the mine or the workshop. In a word, there are in these vast hosts that face one another in Europe today multitudes who will find conditions of life on the march and in the trenches preferable to

those from which they were mustered to the present war.

Was there ever such an opportunity for effective propaganda as that which the present extraordinary circumstances have supplied? Thick within the lines of march, among the trenches, in the hospitals, are those who understand and can explain why it is that the great father, absent in time of peace, is present in time of war. And there will be leisure between battles, between charges, between the coming and going of nurses, for discussion of this strange anomaly. And we may be sure that there will be many a hard-handed philosopher of the trenches who will make clear this monstrous paradox. And with what freedom of speech, what security from police interference! Mouths that yesterday were muzzled are to-day unstopped. For the first time in Europe Socialism is being heard. Certainly for the first time it is being seen. And that is half the victory. Hitherto it has been necessary for the missionaries of Socialism to present a theory. They have been on the defensive for lack of a practical demonstration. This more than anything else was the crying weakness of their cause. They had nothing to which they could point as

proof that their theories were workable. Just then, as though some high god had lifted the barriers into a new age, the very state that had opposed them and throttled them to the very limit of its power found itself demonstrating the proof of their claims.

And now, with this great experiment in actual operation, it will be easy to show that our war system is centuries ahead of our peace system, and that the chief reason for this is that peace has refused to learn anything from war, while war has listened with open mind, and has utilized for its improvement every idea that peace has brought forth. There has not been one discovery or invention that peace has added to her equipment which could possibly be of use in war that has not been appropriated and, if necessary, altered to meet the new requirements. From the simplest sword clear on up to the most complex dreadnought, the whole intricate machinery of war had its root in some tool or other which the aboriginal man used in food-getting or in his early industries. War differs from peace, therefore, simply in its receptiveness to ideas. Compared with modern methods of producing and distributing the necessaries of life, our latest methods of destroying life

are vastly more scientific. For while war has absorbed all the knowledge and adopted all the excellent devices of peace, that one vital thing which more than any other accounts for the conspicuous success of martial enterprises, the harmonious interworking of the individual with the common good, has thus far had no meaning to humanity. With the unbuckling of the sword, the great society has disappeared.

We sometimes think that the distinguishing characteristic of war is the killing and maiming of men; but it is evident that this is not the real distinction, for men are killed and maimed in time of peace. The essential and the one marked difference is this, that during war a nation is a society, whereas in peace it is an aggregate of individuals. So true is this, indeed, that if a denizen from some other world, acquainted with our normal activities during peace, should visit us now when we are at war, he would have difficulty in recognizing in this smoothly moving, harmonious unit the disorganized welter of yesterday. Compared with the spirit that animates a society at war, the disintegration that inevitably ensues when the sword is laid aside is in all practical respects like the dissolution which sets in in the body

of a man when the spirit has taken its flight.

Conceive of the immeasurable bridge over which, when the present war is done, the soldiers of the different nations will be obliged to pass. It will be like a transit from one world to another. All those splendid ties of comradeship, that extraordinary devotion to the common welfare, the almost romantic attachment of the part to the whole, will dissolve as a vapor. That powerful state whose energy and watchful care were everywhere fathering its millions will also have come to an end. And in its place there will be another state as different from the former as one thing can be different from another. The socialism of war will give way to the individualism of peace. Society will become unsocial. Once the rifles are stacked, once the uniform is laid aside, there is severed that intimate bond between father and children. Instantly the relation between the individual and the state becomes one of cold formality. That man who in the battle-line was so precious, so deserving of every attention, becomes a thing of little concern. Henceforth his willingness to serve society is not enough to guarantee him even his daily bread. He is an outcast from the

great home. So long as poverty does not drive him to crime, there is no limit to the misery into which, so far as the state is concerned, this soldier of peace may not wander. Orphaned, he must now shift for himself. If his labor is required in some other part of the country than that in which he finds himself, there is no free transportation for him now, as he sets forth with his tools in his hands, as there was yesterday when he girded on his sword. And if for any reason his tools become useless, he must supply himself or go without. And the generals of production, the Frenches, the Joffres, the Hindenburgs, and the grand dukes of industry, may exploit him to their hearts' content, may dismiss him into starvation. The great father will nowhere interfere except it be to prevent the very thing which in war he insisted upon. Let it be voiced in any of the cities from which the present armies have been mustered that in peace, too, for the common good, private property should be seized as it was seized in war, and those very governments which led in commandeering the machinery of peace will be the first to stifle the suggestion that this tried and proved policy be continued. It is only in war that the state has independent action; in

peace it is controlled by the captains of industry. When the exigencies of war require the drafting of boys of sixteen or eighteen years of age, society becomes alarmed; but there is no alarm when children much younger are drafted into the ranks of life-destroying labor. It is the unusual, not the unjust, that shocks us.

Sooner or later, if the world is to stand and mankind is to continue to advance, Peace will have to go to school to War to learn the art of caring for men. That divine altruism which we see fusing in one great glow the armies in Europe to-day will somehow have to be blown abroad through the infinite to-morrows. The millions who in the trenches to-day see on every hand the manifold advantages of coöperation will not forever tolerate the lack of this fine thing in times of peace. Not forever will a mere extension of boundaries and huge indemnities to be used by the state in the preparation for further wars be accepted by men as compensation for the bloodshed and ruin of homes. Something more personal must be their reward, something that will lighten the burdens of their daily life and infuse through their daily labor that sense of comfort and that rare spirit of co-partnership which is the sustaining power of

the armies to-day. When these millions return, scarred and hardened, from the great adventure, from destinies which their own hands have shaped, it will be with a stirring consciousness of mighty power, of ability to grapple and overthrow. Does any one imagine that this newly discovered power will thereafter lie quiescent under the narrowing conditions that obtained in the past?

And not alone in the rank and file must this inevitable transformation come about. Captains of industry who in the various nations lead the vast armies of labor will also, sooner or later, under the urge of the new spirit, find themselves modeling their leadership after that of the great men who to-day command the armed millions of Europe. Imagine the fine scorn that would flash across the face of any of these men should the governments they are serving offer them headquarters floored with expensive rugs and hung with costly tapestries and filled with every imaginable dainty of food and drink such as the monarchs of Asia in the long ago took with them into the field of war. Imagine the indignation which such a proposition would arouse should it be explained, as it need not be explained, that these luxuries were

to be provided by a cutting down of the necessities of the common soldiers. Enough for these modern leaders to know that they are serving their countries and helping on as best they can the heroic work in which their nations are engaged. This is the lesson which our leaders of peace may learn from the leaders of war. It is evident that half the problems of life would be solved if something of this rare spirit could find its way into the mills and factories of the world. For call it Socialism or Christianity or Christian Socialism, very clearly it is this more than anything else that we need if we are to put an end to the barbarism of peace.

HAS THE CHURCH COLLAPSED?

VII

HAS THE CHURCH COLLAPSED?

RECENTLY, when the Rheims cathedral was bombarded, a cry went up from enlightened lands that a work of art had been destroyed. Here, if we only realized it, was the most complete indictment of the church that was ever made. For what could be more painful to a person or an institution that had once been a power in the world than to be utterly forgotten? Far better the most rabid denunciation. And a century ago this proof of the vitality of the church would not have been lacking. Indeed, a decade ago the falling of bombs upon the ancient roof would have called forth at least a sneer from free-thinkers the world over. But to-day even this praise is denied her. Amid the general indignation, even the clergy seem to have forgotten that it is a house of God that has suffered disaster. It has ceased even to be incongruous one day to pray to Jehovah for success for the German guns and the next to turn those guns upon a cathedral.

Something has severed the connection between this building and the high heavens, for the sigh of the world is only that a work of art has been destroyed. The beauty of the nave has outlasted the religion of the altar. Apollo has triumphed over the Christ.

And all this has come about as naturally as ripe fruit falls from a bough. For no one imagines that it is the sudden shock, the excitement of war, that has diverted attention from the church. That which we have witnessed is simply a unique registering of an ancient fact. For, as we all know, it was during years of peace that the spirit of the church was bombarded. That which fell yesterday upon the heart of the world was merely the beautiful stones of an old Christian temple that, though we were only half aware of it, had long ago taken its place with Karnak and the Parthenon. It is this splendid isolation, this slow conversion of a sectarian house of worship into a monument of art, that has made possible the world-wide regret that even war should violate this treasure of humanity. At last, after centuries as a shrine of a narrow doctrine, the old building has become a thing of wide human concern. Shintoist and Hindu, Mohammedan and Chris-

tian, all these may now in unison cry out as from a personal wound.

While never before, probably, was such a tribute paid to art in its general character, it is the profound change which this indicates in the Christian world that surprises us most, not because we were not aware that a profound change had taken place, but because now for the first time we are face to face with the thing that registers infallibly the full ebb of the tide. And very clearly it is not an ebb from one shore, with a corresponding flow upon another, as it invariably is with the movements of the ocean, but an ebb complete and world-wide. And only yesterday Wordsworth was lamenting the loss of the classical age. Only this morning it seems, the sighing of Swinburne's "Last Oracle" was in our ears: "Thou hast conquered, Galilean." And here almost in one lightning flash the pagan world is restored!

It is high time to put away pretenses and face realities. The world's New Year's day is upon us, and if we are wise, we will set down in our inventory only those things which we actually have on hand. If there are empty boxes upon our shelves, let us mark them empty boxes. For, though we seem not to realize it, it is quite

as important to know exactly what spiritual resources we can count on in peace and war as it is to know exactly what military equipment we possess. No surprise which the present war has caused us in any way compares with that first amazement over our spiritual unpreparedness. Ignorantly or deliberately we had been deceived. Time and again we had been told by those who claimed to know about such things that our moral forces were amply sufficient to hold back the deluge that has overwhelmed us. And we shall be deceived again if we do not immediately wipe off our books the padded figures that are responsible for this delusion.

Let us understand at the outset that it is no more discreditable for an institution to die than it is for a man to die. Only when death has been hastened by a violation of the higher law does the event become a proper subject for moralists. Then there is a lesson to be learned. The mistakes of yesterday become the guideposts of to-day and the wisdom of to-morrow. And the to-morrow that is now dawning will need all the wisdom that we can extract from the past.

It is impossible to understand the undeniable vitality of primitive Christianity without un-

derstanding something of the early world into which the Christian message was released. For the soil, as we know, is half the harvest, and unless we take this into consideration, we shall be at a loss to account for the shrinkage which, unless artificial helps are employed, must inevitably ensue.

It has been said that the year in which Jesus of Nazareth was born was a year of world-wide peace. The fact is significant simply because it is an exception. For centuries on each side of this little oasis stretches an interminable human waste. The Roman state, which ever with unfailing pride traced its ancestry back to Mars, the war-god, was from its very beginning a military power. And by military power I mean not so much that it busied itself with wars as that these wars were the natural product of the tree upon which they grew. And if in this particular year no fruit fell to the ground, and if Jesus of Nazareth slipped unnoticed into the quiet world, it by no means indicates that the character of Rome was changing or that her world-wide organization was in its decline. Indeed, we may truthfully say that up to that time her sword had only been sharpened, for it was afterward that Rome acquired that char-

acter which has ever since been inseparably connected with her name.

Yet to the seer capable of looking into the heart of things the hollow into which the Roman empire finally fell was already there. In every bosom was an emptiness, in every life a longing toward the horizon. It was into this vacuum, a universal yearning for the lost kindness of the world, that Jesus of Nazareth at last found His way and began His work. Nature has a way of restoring her equilibriums. A rise and a continued high temperature in summer invariably brings about a reaction which cools the atmosphere. Similarly in the moral world a denial of all those divine-human qualities which are summed up in the word love is equally certain to bring about their affirmation. It is the sure operation of this great law of nature that makes it possible for men to smile in the flames of martyrdom, that gives to the despairing heart in the darkest of ages an absolute assurance of an eventual dawn. Jesus of Nazareth was the first faint flush upon the enormous Roman night. If millions of slaves turned instinctively toward Him, it was a testimony not only to the character of Jesus, but also to the intense darkness which surrounded them.

Whether the day that then began has ever fully come or whether, if it does come, it will be a Christian day, are matters which for the present may be deferred. What we now seek is the meaning of that early message and the secret of its undoubted power.

If we understand heat, we need give little attention to the study of cold; if we know the dark, we also know the light. In like manner, if we understand the character of the Roman state—shall we say also of the Roman people?—this knowledge will be of incalculable help to an understanding of Christianity, for the latter was a reaction against the former as a rain is a reaction against a drought. If we have watched the effect of a drought, the withering of the leaves, the dying of the grass, the lowing of the herds, we may shut our eyes and ears, when told that a rain has fallen, and know instinctively what has happened.

The carpener of Nazareth was in every respect a complete antithesis of the Cæsars, and that which He gave to the world is inherently as opposed to that which Rome gave to the world as one thing can be opposed to another. And Jesus Himself recognized this when He declared, "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things

which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's." If this means anything, it means that the possession of those things which by nature belong to Cæsar presupposes a loss of those things which by nature belong to God; in other words, that Cæsar is on one side and that God is on the opposite side. If the church has fallen upon evil days, the reason is not difficult to find. Throughout the ages churchmen have tried to reconcile in theory and in practice these irreconcilables, to bridge a chasm that in its very nature is unbridgable and eternal. From the very beginning the church has found herself in the dilemma, Cæsar or God, and she has held firmly to both horns. And holding thus fast to a contradiction, she has died.

The Roman empire was an empire of solid possessions, capable of being measured in square miles. And the armies that went forth from the golden mile-stone in the Forum had as their sole aim to add to these possessions, to conquer provinces, to increase the number of subjects, to swell the revenues of the state. And the marvelous system of laws which Rome devised was wrought out for the one purpose of holding these vast possessions together. In a word, from her feet of clay to her head of gold,

Rome was everywhere and always a material kingdom. That is why her whole spiritual life was a borrowed life. While other nations were at prayer or were uttering sincere aspirations in marble statues, which is much the same thing, Rome, with equal fidelity to the admonitions of her heart, was practising arms in the Campus Martius or loosing her eagles to fly far over sea and land. If the Roman ever independently caught a gleam of the spiritual world, it was as the flash of a searchlight across the night, seen one moment, then forgotten. Coming in Roman history upon an aspiring soul like Marcus Aurelius, who, though a Roman emperor, was by nature a full brother of the Nazarene, is like coming upon a crystal in an interminable ledge of granite. From the founding of the city to where she disappears under the deluge of the barbarians, Rome was essentially a denial of the spiritual world.

It has been said by historians that much of the persecution which the early church suffered at the hands of the Cæsars was due to the fact that the church already was active in politics and was furthering a movement for the overthrow of the Roman state. By which doubtless we are to understand that had the church kept out of

politics, she would not have been persecuted. We may infer from this that, in the opinion of these writers, there was nothing in Christianity as a religion to incur the enmity of the Cæsars.

Here again is that confusion of which I have spoken, that failure to perceive that not only in their outer activities, but in their essences, Christianity and Romanism are opposites. And I use the word opposites here not at all in the loose sense in which it is sometimes employed when, for instance, it is said that a gas is the opposite of a solid. Under certain conditions a gas may become a solid, but it is evident to any one who knows anything at all of the nature of Christianity and Romanism that in no circumstances can the one possibly become the other. The essence of the Roman power was outer authority; that of the Christian is inner perception. And these two can no more exist together than you can force a man to do a thing and persuade him to do it at the same time. Jesus of Nazareth came to restore the lost kindness of the world, and to do this He was obliged to proceed in a fashion diametrically opposite to that in which the Cæsars proceeded. The Cæsars, as we know, surrounded themselves with all the paraphernalia of distinction, pal-

aces, guards, the purple, servile men; for these, as is well known the world over, are indispensable to marterial power. To compete with Cæsar in any of these things or, for that matter, to express the opinion that there were or ever had been poets or musicians greater than Cæsar, was to put one's life in peril. And always the people were encouraged to deify their monarch, to look upon Cæsar as God. And the more cruel, the more bestial he became, the more he was exalted to heaven.

Jesus of Nazareth, on the other hand, not only set Himself resolutely against all this, but in the very nature of things He could not have done otherwise. For the sole purpose of all this is to beget fear, and fear is the opposite of love. And therefore He consistently put behind Him every temptation to distinguish Himself in any way from the common man. For to encourage servility or to allow it would, as He knew, weaken His message by transferring its base to the outer world. So instead of establishing Himself in a capital, He preferred to be a wanderer; instead of a palace, He chose rather to have not even a cottage; instead of guards, He would not allow even one sword to defend Him; instead of intercourse with the

mighty of earth, He associated with fishermen and with outcasts, to show doubtless that they were outcasts not from God, but from Cæsar, and that there is absolutely nothing in outward poverty inconsistent with inner riches.

Even in that thing in which He was admittedly superior to those about Him, His goodness, even in this He would permit no comparison that would elevate Him. "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is, God." And always when He speaks of Himself, it is as the son of man. Never does He arrogate to Himself that which He denies in quality to other men. The claim which the church has made and the emphasis which she has since laid upon the claim that Jesus is the son of God in a way wholly different from that in which an elder brother is, along with his younger brothers, a son of the same father, is Romanism pure and simple, and was undoubtedly invented and has since been adroitly insisted upon for the same purpose as that for which a similar claim was made for the Cæsars, to overawe and thus lay the foundation for outer authority.

How degraded a thing humanity was in the ancient world is nowhere so pathetically exhib-

ited as in the attitude which Rome took toward the Christ. No point of contact that could possibly be removed has been left between men and this teacher of men. All those splendid superstitions with which they had surrounded the birth of Romulus are draped round the crib of the man of Nazareth. As in the former case, the human father is gotten rid of to make room for Mars; in the latter the same thing is done to make room for Jehovah. That a human being could be divine was to the Roman inconceivable. And in the Roman we can understand it. It is only the persistence of the idea to the present day that surprises us. Or, rather, it would surprise us were it not clear that almost from the first century the objective of the church also has been empire.

The first span, then, in the bridge which ever since the church has been building between Christ and Cæsar, is this denial of the humanity of Jesus.

Among spiritual men, John, the beloved disciple, has been generally recognized as the most perfect reflection of the Master. And his obscuration by Peter is, if we except only the crucifixion of Jesus, unquestionably the greatest tragedy of the early church. That a man of

such marked spiritual endowments as the author of the fourth gospel should have been relegated to Patmos while the building of the church, which was supposed to be a spiritual institution, was committed to a man like Peter, is one of those incongruities of which the world is full and with which the human mind wrestles in vain. The giving of the keys to Peter is such a reflection upon the insight of Jesus that we are inclined to regard the whole story as a forgery, like that other proved forgery, the Donation of Constantine, on the basis of which the church laid claim to the throne of the empire. The imagination naturally pictures Peter in the Crusades. With what fervor would he have harangued the Council of Clermont! With what zeal would he have gone forth with Godfrey and Tancred! But Jesus of Nazareth would not have been at home in these violent movements. Nor can we conceive of John as anything but pained by this general drawing of the sword in the name of the Master. But Peter, as we know, well intentioned though he doutbless was, even in the Master's presence, instinctively lays his hand upon his hip. And it is of Peter, too, that the story is told how, forgetful of a similar weakness in his own nature and of Christ's gen-

tleness toward this failing, he struck Ananias and Sapphira dead for lying. That Peter should finally have gone to Rome, as tradition tells us he did, is not at all surprising. For by temperament he belongs there, just as Marcus Aurelius belongs among the disciples. And if the church was to be what it became, an organization with world-wide ambitions such as kindled the brains of the Cæsars, no one of the Apostles was so fitted to be its founder as was he.

In the character of Peter we have the second span of the great bridge between the living word of Jesus and the pageantry of the Eternal City. Henceforth the spiritual kingdom was to be established upon material pillars; inner perception was to give way to outer authority.

If any one familiar with Roman history and the Roman character can read the New Testament and not see that it would be utterly impossible for Christianity to conquer Rome, there is something seriously wrong with his psychology. And if any one thinks that Christianity ever did conquer Rome, he had better lay side by side the Sermon on the Mount and the history of the Dark Ages. When the statement is made, as it is frequently made by historians, that

Christianity succeeded to the throne of the Cæsars, it is obvious that the author is using the word Christianity not at all in the sense of a spiritual kingdom, but rather to express those outer characteristics which, owing to the transforming influence of the Roman organization, have since become known as Christianity. To mistake the church which rose on the ruins of the Roman empire for the church which the man of Nazareth established is proof positive of ethical and spiritual blindness. And to maintain, as some do who readily perceive the fallacy of this claim, that it is not possible to enter the spiritual kingdom except through a material organization, indicates a myopia different from the former only in degree.

But the time had now come when it was necessary to explain the new gospel to the wise, and for this purpose the conversion of Saul of Tarsus was most opportune, for Saul of Tarsus was a philosopher. He was more than that. By birth a Hebrew, by adoption a Roman, by education a lover of the Greeks, he was admirably equipped to translate into cosmopolitan terms the provincial gospel of the Nazarene. There are churchmen to-day who regard the apostle Paul as the father of modern Christian-

ity, and if we remember that it is for "modern" Christianity the claim is made, it must be conceded that their claim is not altogether unfounded. For who does not see that modern Christianity is a philosophy, that that thing which in the hands of Jesus was a religion, a thing to be lived, became in the hands of Paul a thing to be believed, a creed? Henceforth, instead of the clear perception of the spirit, there was to be substituted ratiocination; instead of conscience, there was to be intellect; instead of love and the unity of love, there was to be disputation and a calling of names. By intellectualizing primitive Christianity, by making abstruse and difficult of comprehension that simple thing which the most childlike can understand, Paul opened the gates of controversy and casuistry. The church had now only to go straight on to come upon the sword that was waiting for her, and to enter upon that campaign against heresy which was to complete the monstrous perversion.

What I say here of Paul and what I said before of Peter is said with no intention of reflecting upon the integrity of these men. The sacrifices which they underwent are sufficient to dispose of any doubt upon this point. Yet, as

we all know, if good intentions were all that are necessary, the world would be a very different place from what it is. Could the apostle Paul have foreseen the harvest of scholasticism, the dissensions, the confusion of what is fundamental with what is adventitious, that were to spring up from his labored disquisitions, he would probably have gone about his work in another way. If we will only remember that philosophy is speculative and that religion is practical, it will become at once apparent how easy it is for religion to lose its vitality by being confounded with philosophy. When once this fog has settled down, it is then possible for churchmen to discuss such questions as baptism, transubstantiation, and the nature of God without perceiving that they long ago left religion behind.

How essential to the work begun by Peter was the work accomplished by Paul becomes clear when we consider the nature of authority. While truth remains cosmic, and its power over the individual is the result of inner perception, it is impossible to establish a central authority or even to diffuse this authority in an organization. For men who have truth in their own hearts or who realize that the perception of truth is a matter of spiritual unfolding, will

never obey either a man or an organization. But once this cosmic character of truth is obscured, once people are persuaded that the truth of religion can be arrived at only by reason, from that moment the training of the intellect becomes all important, and men are looked up to in proportion to their educational equipment. From this time on, especially to scholars, it becomes absurd that carpenters like Jesus and lens-grinders like Spinoza and shoemakers like Jacob Boehme should know anything of the higher laws.

With the impetus toward philosophy which Christianity received from the apostle Paul, the way was opened for the control of one man by another, of multitudes by a few. Church councils became the order of the day. The ethical content of Christianity was scooped out. Doctrine became more important than life. Not righteousness, but heresy, was henceforth the chief concern of the church. From this time on one has only to believe and to obey those who formulate the belief. The spiritual kingdom becomes identified with the church, and to enter into the one, a man has only to become a member of the other.

Here is a Christianity, if by any stretch of

the imagination we may call it so, that the Roman will accept, for this is something he can use. Here is fresh blood for the decrepit limbs of the state, youthful energy with which to refill the exhausted channels of empire. Once more her legions may go forth, and the barbarians of the North, who for centuries have hurled their might against the empire of the Cæsars until it is falling in fragments, will admit this new power into their hearts, though it is virtually identical with that which they have driven from their fields. And thus Cæsarism, which had gone down, will rise again and go forth in triumph not only to the Rhine and to the border of Scotland, but west and north to the ends of the earth. And for century on century the new empire will stand, established as it henceforth is in the human mind.

This, then, is the third span in the great bridge between Christ and Cæsar.

But a fourth was to be built before the end. It was never quite enough for Cæsar to be the head of the Roman organization and the giver of Roman law; he must surround himself with all those extravagances which only monarchs can afford and which seem to be essential to the control of millions of people. For the mil-

lions judge of power by the show it makes, and their obedience is lavish or scant as this outward display is prodigal or meager. And therefore it is a matter of prime importance for Cæsar to establish himself in palaces, to wear robes of purple and gold, to environ himself with all those splendors that to the millions spell power. And upon entering into her Roman inheritance the church was not long in perceiving this. And forthwith she set zealously to work to supply this deficiency which the Nazarene had overlooked, and stone by stone there began to rise that fourth and last span between Christ and Cæsar. With an organization fashioned after the model of the Roman state, and a creed capable of serving all the purposes of the Roman law, she had now only to put on the robes of magnificence to complete the transformation.

There are those who still think that the art movement of the Renaissance was a Christian movement; and as proof of this they point to the fact that virtually the whole of the vast energy of this movement was spent in carving chalices, in painting madonnas, in building cathedrals. This position is of course untenable. The Renaissance was, as we know, a classical

revival, a spirit kindled at the ancient altars of Greece and Rome. And though the fire thus kindled was put at the service of the dignitaries of the church, the latter fact proves nothing as to the origin of the inspiration of the old masters. With equal justice we might claim that modern art is a capitalistic movement because architects and painters are to-day frequently employed by the beneficiaries of capitalism. Michelangelo would probably have been as delighted to work for Pericles as he was to work for the pope.

He who thinks that wine or bread or cups or altars or buildings are Christianity or any part of Christianity is, without knowing it, inside a cathedral, and his ideas of Christianity are derived from the paraphernalia which he sees about him, and his conception of the man of Nazareth from the dead figure which hangs in the window. Art has a place of its own, and has nothing to gain from being confounded with religion. On the other hand, religion has much to lose from being confounded with art. The purpose of art is to refine and ennoble the sentiments, the purpose of religion to refine and ennoble conduct. Any confusion of these aims has a tendency to make religion theoretical; to

make unnecessary the transmutation of noble sentiments into deeds.

With the rise of the Protestant Reformation, which was the expression of the Renaissance in the North, the world for the first time awakened to the fact that the church had undergone a radical transformation, and that the purpose of withholding the Bible from the people, as it had been withheld for centuries, was to prevent the change from becoming known. More and more clearly it was being seen that the church was in reality the Roman empire resurrected and wielding its authority not now solely from the Seven Hills, but also from the throne of the hereafter. The assault which then began under the leadership of Wycliffe, Huss, Luther, Calvin, and others, while carried on with a fervor worthy of the ancient prophets, had as its aim not the complete divorcement of Christianity and Cæsarism, but the overthrow of the Roman organization, with its centralized, imperial authority. That organization itself, even without this centralized authority, was no part of Christianity seems not to have been perceived, for on the ruins of the Roman church in the North rose organizations not utterly dissimilar. For centuries still the idea was to prevail that the spirit-

ual kingdom is not wholly spiritual, that inner perception must somehow be squared with outer authority. Naturally, therefore, the creed had to be maintained or the church as a material organization would disappear. For it would then be possible for a man to become a Christian by practising the Sermon on the Mount, and not as now by accepting the Thirty-nine Articles or those other matters of profession which virtually all the churches still insist are of divine origin.

Is it any wonder that the tide has gone out and left the church utterly powerless; that the whole vesture of Cæsarism with which she overawed the millions has been stripped off piece by piece; that art has become art, still capable of arousing men to its defense; that philosophy has become philosophy, honorably installed in our educational system; that organization is still active in politics and industry; and that the church is nothing? Is it not a comment upon the hollowness of her pretensions that as civilization has advanced the church had receded and that annually her remaining millions ooze away and are lost in secular affairs?

All this would be of little moment and would merit the unconcern with which it is popularly

regarded were there not a tremendously serious side to the matter. For nineteen centuries society has left in the hands of the church the direction of the moral forces of the world. And now, after all these centuries, we find ourselves falling into the same moral vacuum into which the Roman empire fell. After eighteen hundred years it is as easy for men to thrust bayonets into one another as it was in the heathen world. Is it not apparent that the church has collapsed?

THE COSMIC MEANING OF WOMAN

VIII

THE COSMIC MEANING OF WOMAN

WHATEVER may have been hitherto our idea of "woman's place," never again, or at least not until the present war has been forgotten, will it be possible seriously to state to a serious audience that the participation of woman in the affairs of the world would work harm to society. Other arguments may survive, other fears may be played upon, but this one has received its death-blow. The injury which society was to receive at the hands of woman has been anticipated by the hands of man. Hereafter, when the probable loss to the world from the feminization of society is under debate, man at least will have nothing to say. And among women, those who in the past have suffered from this fear and have purposely shared their anxiety with others, will, if they are wise, devote that energy which they have heretofore expended in protecting society from woman, to protecting woman from society.

For henceforth assuredly it is society, not woman, that is the menace. In one night our solicitude has faced about. What was it in woman that we feared? Was it the softening of our civilization? Upon this score at least the war has reassured us.

If ever there were reasons why woman should remain aloof from the world and develop in her own sphere what is called her "higher nature," to-day those reasons are multiplied by ten. And undoubtedly they will be seized upon. For the future, we may depend upon it, more than ever will the home be glorified. With vastly more weight than heretofore it will be urged that the refined nature of woman has no place in a world given over to savagery, that she has everything to lose and nothing to gain; for what has such a society to give? Why, it will be asked, should woman bring her purity and virgin emotion to a world that has no appreciation of these things? Life that has suddenly become infinitely complex, the opponents of the world woman will meet more determinedly than ever before by a retreat from its responsibilities, by the plea that for woman the higher responsibilities lie more than ever in the home.

On the other hand, to millions of women who

heretofore have shown no interest either in feminism or in the franchise, but who have been content about their households, the present war has already come as the cry of a drowning man piercing the darkness of the night. As never before, the doorways of the world are filled with women, perplexed, silent, suffering, horrified, now looking toward Belgium and Poland and now harkening back in their rooms to the voices of children at play. Will it ever be possible again in any part of the world for a woman to bring forth a child and not question if her pains are worth while? Never since the beginning of time has life's appalling contradiction so torn the heart of woman as it is tearing it to-day. To these undoubtedly it has become a serious problem, where the "higher responsibility" lies. And to this problem nothing less than life can give answer. Trained to harken the need of the home, what will she do now that the world is calling? Yesterday it was easy to think of the home and the world as distinct; easy for a woman to quiet her conscience with the thought of household duties well performed. To-day of how little consequence is it that the linen is clean and the rooms in order! To-day the home and the world are one, caught up by the same storm

and blown together toward the same fate. Whatever may happen hereafter, never again will it be possible to think of man and woman as other than human beings meeting the comedy and tragedy of life hand in hand as one.

And yet when we consider it less profoundly, when we allow only our eyes to rove over the event, when before was the threshold so conspicuously the dividing line between man's world and woman's world? Suddenly over Europe, as over a vast field with millions of human beings at work and at play in the consciousness of a common humanity, a great Hand has come down upon the nations and separated the sexes, moving the male to the borders and leaving the female in the interiors. On one side of a chasm, rifted as by an earthquake and unfathomable almost as life itself, are fathers and husbands and brothers; on the other, mothers and wives and sisters. And but yesterday in the streets of the cities, in the fields of labor, in the places of merriment, man and woman were becoming one. Their occupations were blending, their lives were coalescing and eliciting more and more respect and understanding. To-day, as at the stroke of a sword, they are two, cosmically two, with vast seas between them. The

gradual knitting together of the ages is torn asunder. Like an old scar the sex line has reappeared, and there is no sanctuary even in the home. From a being clothed yesterday with chivalry and touching woman's hand with reverence, man has suddenly dropped back into the jungle and is abroad about his ancient business of killing; while, as in the early days of the race, woman is flying from the ravager, or is about the house tending her orphans, or in the fields wondering why, watching the horizon, anxious how the battle is going, or kneeling in the wake of the storm, binding up her wounded lord.

It is particularly important just now when the mighty organism of life is being torn apart, to consider the respective natures of man and woman and the parts which obviously they were intended to play in the building of the world. For very clearly a mistake has been made. Very clearly, as in the days of Babel, something has happened that has brought inexplicable confusion upon the builders, and in the medley and the conflict centuries are falling down upon us. And in our search for the cause of this mistake we shall do well not hastily to dismiss, as something that has no connection with the catastrophe, the relation of man and woman. For

possibly it is here, covered up under the familiar common-places of life, and not, as we have imagined, in the relation of Austria and Serbia or of Germany and England, that the real trouble lies.

And apart from the gnawing hunger to know how it has come about that we plant only to burn, and build only to destroy, and bring forth only to put to the bayonet, no one with a bent for prophecy or with a natural human curiosity for what in the way of social changes to-morrow may have in store for us, can afford on the eve of such changes to give to woman a dismissing glance. For, dissected and weighed, carded and catalogued as she has been by the masters of science, and discussed, one would say, from every angle of the circle, woman remains, as her recent coming out into the world remains, the most potential phenomenon of the present time. What the white man, landing upon the shores of the New World, was to the Indian, that to the present age is woman. What is she, why is she crossing her ancient boundary, and what is her significance in the thick darkness that has come over us? These are questions to which no human being, alive to the portentous events that storm about us, dare shut his ears.

The sex question, as one phase of the woman problem is sometimes called, I shall reserve for a subsequent chapter. In this one it is the feminine quality alone that concerns us, the spiritual difference—if there be such a difference—between the male and the female, and the conclusions likely to affect the structure of future society that may fairly be drawn therefrom. That social revolutions of deep significance are upon us, there can be no question; what they will be and what changes they will bring about depends very largely upon what in her deeper nature woman really is.

There is a story far back in the annals of early Rome that I wish to take out of the dust that has gathered over it and lay upon this page, not only because of the light which, better than any other story I know of in history, it throws upon the real nature of man and woman, but also because of its application to the present crisis and beyond the present crisis to the social life of to-morrow. It is the well-known story of the Sabine women. For the benefit of those who have forgotten it, I relate it again.

Shortly after the founding of Rome a festival was held to which the peoples of the neighboring villages were invited. Toward the close of

this gala occasion the men of Rome, among whom there was a shortage of women, seized and made off with the daughters of the visiting peoples. As was to be expected, strife shortly afterwards ensued between the outraged villagers and the new city upon the Tiber. In this warfare, the Sabines at first took no part. Later, however, they too attacked Rome. While the fortune of this later assault hung in the balance, the Romans at first being driven back and then the Sabines, the daughters of the latter, who had now become the wives of the Romans, rushed in between the opposing forces and begged their fathers and brothers on the one hand and their husbands on the other to desist. Unable to withstand so touching an appeal, the warring peoples put aside their hatred and made peace. More than this, the Sabines and the Romans united and became one, their kings, Titus Tatius and Romulus, thereafter sharing equally in the government.

Let us rid ourselves if we can of our familiarity with those things with which we have grown up and if possible look at them with an eye, let us say, of a being that has just alighted upon the grass of this earth from the slopes of some neighboring planet. And going back in

time, let us take our stand on the top of the Capitoline Hill when the event we have just related was taking place.

The first thing that catches our attention is of course the conflict that is going on between groups of persons who are so alike in structure and appearance as to be indistinguishable. Presently we notice, hurrying out from the homes of the city and making their way in between the combatants, another group of beings somewhat different from the others. Their appearance is different and for some reason they are not in the conflict. And these outward differences, as we see when the new arrivals come between the warring factions, are matched by other differences equally conspicuous. For though they are now in the thick of the fray, they do not fight, but with voices and uplifted hands seek to put an end to the strife.

Strange that beings of such marked resemblance as those that fight and these that plead should seek their ends in such strikingly dissimilar fashion. And this strange phenomenon becomes even stranger when we learn, as we do from the discussion which follows, that it is the long-haired ones, who have taken no part in the battle, that are the injured ones, the violation of

whose rights has brought on the fury and the bloodshed. And yet, see them how, forgetful of themselves, they take the hands or cling about the necks of those who are still reluctant to yield. Clearly these are beings of a different sort, for the one is weak and the other is strong, and yet the weaker is stronger than the strong. For with a power born neither of arms nor of arguments, the newcomer from the homes of the city has turned war into peace and enmity into friendship.

From what we have seen it is evident that the difference between these two beings goes deeper than dress, deeper than laws, deeper even than form. And we need not go far from Rome, we need but walk out into the fields about the city, where the herds and flocks are grazing or, further, into the wilderness where the taming hand of man has never been, to perceive that the difference is a cosmic difference, that the same bellicose quality which we saw in the groups fighting upon the hillside is characteristic of the protector in every species whether human, beast, or bird, and that the gentler quality of the home-maker is likewise manifested upon every plane of nature.

Into the causes of this difference it is not

necessary here to enter, for it is with the significance of the fact that we have here chiefly to do. Enough to know that whether we consider him far back in the cosmic light or in the fields of his more recent evolution, man is the representative of what, for want of a better term, we may call the outer world. And woman, traveling a circle horizontally, shall we say, smaller than man's, is equally the representative of what we may call the inner world.

Or looking at them from another angle, we see that from the very beginning man has been the conqueror. It was man that met the wild beast, chose to meet the wild beast, for the exercise of those qualities which for centuries had been developed in protecting the mother when helpless with her young. Here for a moment the two planets touch with a small one between them, then swing on round—the one, we may say, to the right; the other, to the left: the one toward conquest for food, the other toward a gentler, less strenuous life, centering in her child. And traveling these two circles through the ages, the one a conqueror, the other a conserver, the one a slayer or an enslaver of wild beasts and wild men and later of the forces of nature; the other, ministering always to her

helpless infant and working intermittently with those things the mastery of which required at her hands no bloodshed—clay for vessels and reeds for baskets and fibers or the skins of man-slain beasts for clothing—these two beings with the passing of the centuries grew naturally, inevitably into what we have just seen them on the Capitoline Hill, into what essentially they remain to-day.

In a word, as far back as we can trace it, Life is manifesting itself more and more in two forms and is carefully gathering about these two forms such activities and occupations as will develop to the best advantage those qualities which she is persistently seeking to develop: in the male, power; in the female, love.

Whatever conclusion with regard to the nature of man and woman science may have come to that darkens the splendor of this great truth, is as sure of oblivion to-morrow as mists are sure to be dissipated at the rising of the sun. Beside the so-called "facts" of science which too often are but side excursions in support of some preconceived notion of social policy rather than an extension of the main path toward truth, I lay the mighty fact of experience. Is there a man living, is there even a boy, who does

not know from what he has already learned of life, from what he has seen in his own home, that in this story of the Sabines, now more than twenty-five hundred years old, is revealed as through a magic glass the real nature of man and the real nature of woman? Is there anywhere in the world a home in which the situation presented in this story has not at some time or other been duplicated: the males quarreling and the females intervening for peace? Or looking out of the window, or passing along the street of town or city, who has not come upon further proofs that man is primarily the embodiment of power and woman of love?

Here, then, we have issuing straight out of the cosmos an ultimate word upon the subject of the relation of man and woman in the world, a voice that goes through the woman question like a clearing wind. Have we heeded this voice? Or in the building of civilization are we at work beyond the cosmos, and may therefore cosmic pronouncements be disregarded? That we have disregarded them and harkened rather to biology, concerned solely with the development of physical form, and to economics which has run between these mates the artificial line of loaf-winner and loaf-kneader, there can be

no doubt. "Let woman keep silence in the churches," the order of the apostle to the Gentiles, has been adopted as a rule throughout society. And what has been the result?

Not one thinker, probably not one man or woman of intelligence the world over, can be found who would not say offhand that the world needs something. The difference of opinion among them is simply with regard to what that something is. Statesmen everywhere are looking into the loose places of the law. Teachers are considering what alterations should be made in the educational system. Even masters of industry, who undoubtedly would profit most from the continuation of the existing order, are willing to meet half way the world clamor for a radical overhauling of the relations between Capital and Labor. From pole to pole, from the very springs of life, the agonizing cry goes up that civilization has failed, that humanity has lost its way. The deep realization of this that has been thrust into our hearts on the points of bayonets is the one clear gleam amid the universal darkness that has fallen. At last after centuries of word discussion and sword discussion, there has come over conflicting races and classes a divine unanimity. Henceforth we

are relieved of the necessity of debating the question whether there is really a need of anything and may hereafter concentrate our thoughts upon ascertaining what that something is.

Probably the whole world would agree to this also, that if civilization has failed, it has failed because it has become inhuman; the sanctity of life has disappeared. There are those who have known this for years, though apparently to the mass of men or rather, let us say, to the blind leaders of men, it has taken a world butchery to disclose it. In the present war we have on a universal scale a display of that slow but sure vengeance which we sometimes see working out in the case of a hard landlord who does not understand why he should provide fire-escapes for his tenants until one day he hears that fire has broken out and that his own family has perished. Within the past few months a look of horror has come over the faces of the powerful leaders of men as though what is happening were something wholly unexpected, a reversal of the enginery of civilization. Instead, as any one who has read even the newspapers during the past decade or so should be able at once to see, this universal butchery of men was

the inevitable next station on the main line exactly as the stockyards in Chicago, that slaughter house of the nation, is the culmination of the animal killing that was formerly diffused throughout the country.

Let those who are appalled at this sudden concentration of the business of murder look over the statistics of the unnecessary loss of life on the railroads and in the mines and workshops of the world. Let those whose hearts sink when they read of the thousands of families turned out of their homes by war, compare in this respect the record of the days of peace. In New York City alone every year that passes thousands of families are dispossessed by landlords, turned out under the elements to sit upon the sidewalk with the fragments of broken homes while the city unconcerned goes on about its daily business. And let those who find it difficult to sleep at night because of visions of men, women, and children in destitution flying toward the cities of England from this sudden storm of savagery, let these good people read the story, the understory of the working classes of England itself during the prosperous years of peace that have suddenly come to an end and vomited their growing distress upon the world.

That which was hidden has been revealed. The disease that has been raging unattended in the vitals has all at once broken out upon the skin. Consequently, if we are shocked, it is not at the crimes but at the war-paint of humanity.

Has it not become clear that the fundamental trouble with society is the separation of power from love, our willingness to give to power the utmost freedom in the building and control of industries and empires, and our refusal to allow the love-nature of woman any social expression?

Follow it out into every branch of life and see if the metallic leaves of civilization are not what they are because they have withered for want of something that is more life-giving than power. On the one hand we see the world dehumanized for purposes of production, and man everywhere subordinated to things until it has become possible for great cities in the course of their normal life annually to turn thousands of their helpless men, women and children out upon the streets for no other cause than that for one reason or another they have not fitted into the iron machinery of production. On the other hand we see woman, the bringer forth of the child and therefore the representative of the human quality and of the humanizing quality, if not

at present shut up within the home, at least shut out from the larger institutions of the world. Nothing in human psychology, in its social manifestations, so fills one with astonishment as to see humanity, conscious of its lost condition, crying up the skies for love while with equal fervor the heart of woman is yearning for the world. Will mankind never perceive the relation between these simultaneous aspirations? It is as though the race were suffering from thirst and at the same time was doing everything in its power to keep all the oxygen on one side of the heavens and all the hydrogen on the other side. In things physical, however, no such blunder would be possible.

Imagine woman in the dispossessing business! Picture her, if you can, walking through her factory where pale children are at work, and seeing only the machinery! That Herr Krupp should manufacture cannon creates no feeling of unfitness. But when Herr Krupp suddenly dies and his business falls into the lap of his daughter Bertha, the incongruity is too great to be tolerated. Immediately, not for business reasons but for moral reasons, a husband must be found to relieve the monstrous situation.

Beyond any doubt that which is happening in

Europe to-day does indeed strike deeper than the relations of Austria and Serbia, deeper even than the dream of the early Czar for a port upon the open sea. It is nothing less than a cosmic struggle, a demonstration by the savagery of a war unequaled in history, of the incompetency of power alone and unaided to build anything that will endure.

And where, during all these intervening years while in peace and in countless wars fathers and brothers have been grappling husbands and sons in mortal combat; where, during all these centuries, have been the Sabine women? Where are they now when the sum of all these conflicts is raging? And where, when the present strife is over and the remnants of the armies return to build out of the ruins of the past new institutions for the future, where then will woman be?

I have said that this struggle is a cosmic struggle, a demonstration by Nature of the utter futility of the separation of power and love in the building of the world. Then perhaps Nature can answer these questions. Perhaps she is already answering them. Perhaps it is because we are so intent upon the destroyer that we have overlooked the quiet work of the ulti-

mate conqueror, the restorer. It is well that we should pause and consider this. For if, caught by the clamor and the confusion, we contemplate simply what is happening along the borders and fail to see or dismiss as of slight importance what has already happened in the interiors of the warring nations, we shall be skipping a chapter in the evolution of humanity without which it is useless to go on. For when the war is over, does any one imagine that the boundaries of the nations alone will be changed and not also the boundaries between the sexes? The journals of the world are filled with the expansion of man, his sudden rushing from fields and factories to the new occupation of arms. Little is said of the expansion of woman, her sudden outpouring from the home to fill up the places left vacant by man. And yet of the two, who shall say that the effect of the latter will not be the farther reaching and the more enduring? Or will woman, having possessed herself of the enlarged areas of man's activities, and awake now as probably never before, willingly surrender them on the return of her partner and be content thereafter in the narrower, quieter sphere of "woman's place"?

We may get some light upon the probable

effect upon woman of the present war by a glance at what happened to man after a period of similar disturbance. Did man, for instance, after his expansion during the Crusades, when he discovered a new, vast world of thought and action, did he upon his return to Europe shrink back into the contracted boundaries of his previous life? On the contrary, under the inspiration of that great adventure, despite the long and desperate repressive efforts of church and state, we all know how the spirit of man broke through the Dark Ages and burst into the tremendous bloom of the Renaissance.

It may be said that the Crusades were themselves the result of the quickening of the spirit of man, whereas the present change is not of woman's seeking, and that therefore we need not expect a corresponding forward movement of the female. And there is doubtless something to be said for this. On the other hand, had the crusaders been thrust toward Asia by forces beyond their control, it is inconceivable that the vision of a wider world which then dawned upon them would not have been followed by the opening of new life-channels and a consequent alteration of existing institutions. Furthermore, we must remember that it was left

to man's choice, after his return from Asia, whether he should go on along new paths that had opened up, whereas in the present case of woman the same necessity that forced her into the new domains will in all probability keep her there. For when the broken ranks of the male return to take up again the tools of labor, who but woman will fill those wide gaps? And filling those wide gaps, bending her back beneath the crushing burden which the war will have laid upon her, will she not ask the question how it came there? And will she be satisfied with the answer and turn humbly to her labors?

What will happen in Europe to-morrow, so far as it bears upon the place of woman in the reconstruction that will surely follow, can perhaps be even more clearly foreshadowed if we will turn to a calamity, in its destructiveness at least comparable to the present war, that fell upon England in the latter part of the fourteenth century. I refer to the Black Death. Probably nothing in the whole history of the Island Kingdom contributed more to the break-up of serfdom than did this plague which so decimated the ranks of labor that those formerly bound to the soil either availed themselves of the calamity to flee to freedom elsewhere or, re-

maining upon the demesne, were out of sheer necessity relieved by the lord of the burden they had borne.

Does any one imagine that a similar slaughter can take place to-day and similar consequences not follow? For years Europe has seethed with the political, economic and marital unrest of woman. And now that Death is abroad opening thousands upon thousands of domestic doors and thrusting woman toward the outer world and freedom, is there any one who does not perceive that the end of another and far wider serfdom is at hand? There comes to mind more than one instance in the past how the common people, forbidden the sword by the upper classes, were gradually called upon by these upper classes in times of need, and how, having the responsibility of warfare laid upon them, they demanded and finally secured for themselves the full rights of citizenship. Now that the tool, the powerful weapon of the present, is passing in Europe into the hands of woman, long denied it, will not the right and privileges, a coequal control of the world, inevitably follow?

We get but half the meaning of the conflict if we do not see that the fall of every soldier upon

the borders drafts a woman into a man's place in the interior. Read the lists of the fallen as they lengthen out day by day into the millions, as they shadow forth into an unknown future, and high above the surges of steel in the foreground stands out the astounding fact that woman who hitherto has been master not even of her own home will presently find herself in possession of a continent.

What an unlooked-for ally to the feminist advance! It is as though, almost at the beginning of an attack upon the outworks of the state, the gates of the whole vast social structure were suddenly swung wide open. Nature has come upon man from behind, and while his attention is fixed upon superficial questions of victory and sovereignty, the substantial things of life are being appropriated in the rear. To-day, as always, it is behind the show of power, in the quiet places of peaceful production that the ultimate issues are being determined. The great question of the present conflict is not what, when the war is over, the Allies will do with Germany or Germany with the Allies, but what woman will do with her opportunity. Thus far, of course, her overflow has been simply into the channels of labor, and there, willing or unwilling, as we

have seen, she will doubtless remain. But what then? Will her unrest be allayed? Will she be content with her new tools, and settle down satisfied with her new freedom? Or will she realize that the end is not yet, that to remain here is still to be a serf, that her opportunity for world service lies not so much in labor as in those higher spheres of control? Will she understand that to give peace and justice to the world love must sit side by side with power, not only willing but able to intervene? Or in the inevitable struggle to reach this high place, will she forget her great cosmic mission, to release into the world the waters of love, and hardened by the conflict become a second male, another unit of power to continue the ravages of the first? Will this homemaker of centuries lose her vision and forget that the divine purpose of her coming is to make of the world a home?

POETOGAMY

IX

POETOGAMY

WHETHER the now famous prophesy, published broadcast some three years ago and ascribed to Count Tolstoy, did really emanate from the great Russian, that part of it which touches the altered relations of the sexes after the great war, which even then he saw beyond the horizon, is so in keeping with lines already visible and moving in that direction that it is worth while considering what was meant by the word poetogamy there used to define the new relation. In what respect is this new relation to be different from that which obtains to-day and which we have grown to think is final? Is monogamy, that institution around which the centuries have flowed so caressingly, to disappear? And is something that is neither polygamy nor polyandry to take its place? And what is this strange thing which is somehow to come forth out of the war-torn fields of Europe, stimulated into vigorous life

possibly by the tremendous out-thrust of woman into the ranks of the world? And when it appears, how will it nestle into the life we now know? Will the home that is being broken up rise again? What is poetogamy? What are the forces that are crowding it into the foreground? And most of all, what does it mean in the evolution of humanity?

There is nothing with which mankind high and low, rich and poor, intelligent and non-intelligent, is so familiar, and nothing which it understands less, than the relation of man and woman. Here is something that preceded by interminable stretches of time the birth of the sciences and the arts, and yet how little do we know of that as compared to these. We have weighed the heavens, we have mapped the earth, we have dissected and given names to every part, almost every cell of the human body, yet not one man or woman can tell the real meaning of the difference between these two bodies. They are different, that is all; and we pass on as from something trivial to something important. We build sciences, we explore history, we light the lamps of philosophy in the temple of the soul, but no lamp is hung above the relation of the sexes. From childhood, from the begin-

ning of time, we have pried and listened about that dark chamber, curious to know and understand, and throughout the centuries we have been waved away. We have been told that "sometime we shall know," and the to-morrows have passed into ages and still the generations come to linger about the unlifted veil as impenetrable as it was thousands of years ago. Meanwhile, with what vast expenditure of thought and energy we have cleared away the debris of the past in order that a new world might rise! Old arts are changed and new arts are born. Even the gods of our fathers come down. In every hall and room and closet there is renovation and an enlargement of life—save in one. Sex is still the attic of the soul where the dust of ages accumulates and where the spiders weave and prey.

Strange that society is afraid of light upon this subject and yet is not afraid to leave it in darkness. Is it not astonishing, would it not be astonishing even if we were less intelligent than we are, that a matter which touches so deeply the happiness and welfare of every human being should all these centuries have lain neglected while the corners of the earth have been ransacked for some new element the dis-

covery of which is sure to be hailed as a marvelous achievement? It is as though a tribe of savages, numbers of which were every day breaking their limbs and losing their lives because of their ignorance of the law of gravitation, should hail as a mighty man and a human benefactor the discoverer of some new star. The law of sex attraction is the law of spiritual gravitation, the nature and operations of which we no more understand than moths understand the nature and working of a flame.

Conceive of a society that is governed by a perfect state, with men and women working as perfect comrades in a perfect industrial sytem; add to this a perfect church—so far as such a church could be perfect—filling to perfection the sphere which through the ages the church has set itself to fill. We have left, still unprovided-for, to organize itself as best it may, the great realm of the cosmic relations between man and woman, a realm which means far more to them than the state in which they live. What to the average man are the laws of legislatures compared to the mighty law here operative? Most of us pass from the cradle to the grave without realizing, so far as they affect our real lives, that such things as statutes exist. And yet to what pains

have we not been by these enactments to inform the individual of his proper relation to his fellows. But this other, that runs through life like a live wire, from which thousands recoil with grief and tragedy, have we not, with almost equal pains, covered it up? In none of the relations of life is the effort to get information met with such suspicion. And to suspicion is only too often added denunciation, even persecution. That life *is* clean and in the light of knowledge would remain so, seems never to have occurred to us. We would make it clean by ignorance.

In this chapter I am going to try, in the light of history, to find out the reason for this human perversity, this religious devotion to the petty facts of life and this obstinate neglect of the great matter of sex. And I shall try to show at what point this intimate thing between man and woman touches society and therefore justifies the stepping in of the state, and where it concerns solely the two whose lives have somehow by the cosmic urge been tossed into contact.

Remembering then that we are dealing with something that goes into the very heart of life, something that is coarse or refined, physical or spiritual, as the mind that is considering it

is coarse or refined, physical or spiritual, let us see if we cannot find out how it has come about that in an age of knowledge, when light is spreading into every corner of life, the ancient darkness still hangs over the great kingdom of the sexes, while every day thousands of men and women find themselves hopelessly caught and their happiness oozing away between the church, the director of the conscience, on the one side, and the state, the guardian of the outer welfare of society, on the other, or in the web of critical public opinion that through the centuries has grown up between these two. Here then are the factors of the mighty problem. Or let us put it in another way. The individual is the prisoner at the bar, church and state are the prosecutors, and public opinion is the judge. And in every land under the sun not an hour passes day or night, yes, not even an hour in the night, that this heart-breaking trial is not going on. And those who appear and are forced to bare their lives and plead for release or for mercy are of every rank and condition of society. And into what tens of thousands do they run annually, these mismated or unmated men and women, in cities and towns, in every land, groping about in the fog, a con-

stant stream of them coming of their own volition or haled by the agents of society into the great court of human relations. And of what vaster throng are those others, proud or sensitive, who, feeling they cannot bear this sort of thing, humbly accept the crumbs of life and through years secretly nurse what they conceive to be an incurable grief because in their opinion the remedy is worse than the disease. And little wonder. For who is not familiar with the enforced vulgarity of the divorce court where men and women cannot part in friendship but where in order to correct a mistake, often of immaturity, one must prove the other a criminal. Add to these that other multitude, restive, defiant, and portentously increasing day by day, who scorn to accept marriage upon any such degrading conditions and who are equally unwilling to bow to the dictates of society in what they conceive to be a purely personal matter; who hold that provided there be no child it is no more the business of society to interfere in the relations of men and women, freely entered into, than it is its business to interfere in their choice of occupation or the clothes they wear. It is of course with this last class that we have especially to do, the defiant ones who are neither

divorcees nor Magdalenes, but men and women who have taken their stand upon this matter as upon a great principle. For to these will openly rally, the very moment it is seen that their stand has become tenable, all those who, whether in marriage or out of marriage, have suffered from present laws or conventions, just as it always happens in revolutions when public sentiment shows the least sign of turning. And we may safely challenge any man who is in touch with life to-day to say that the heart of the world, especially the heart of woman, is not in suppressed rebellion under the paternalism of laws and conventions which have grown up about the sex relationship. From every quarter of the globe the demand is becoming insistent that the rights of the individual and of the state in this matter be redefined.

There are few in this age of diffused knowledge who do not know that among every early people, no matter how high they may since have climbed toward a more tolerant and refined view of life, slavery was once an institution cherished and safe-guarded not only by the laws but also by the religion of the country. Prisoners captured in war, unoffending people picked up as spoil by brigands in their pillaging

expeditions, men whose misfortune it was to fall into debt to the wealthy classes, all these in those early ages flowed down into the slave pens of the world. And so far was this monstrous interference with the rights of men from being considered tyrannical or wrong that it was never considered at all. It was part of the natural function of society, like the building of houses or the eating of food. And the least sign of revolt or of serious discontent on the part of this wretched class was put down not simply as something that should not be tolerated but as something preposterous, as though the hand should rise in rebellion against the head. In the opinion of its then guardians, society could not exist without this moral order, this God-appointed arrangement. Naturally, therefore, it was not slavery but the condemnation of slavery that was opposed to order, and every suggestion of change, if it showed the least likelihood of weakening this salutary bond of society, was put down by public opinion with rebuke or ostracism, by the state with the hard hand of the law, by the church with a continuation of the punishment in the hereafter. Such among every people was the fate of those who dared to stand for the right of individuals

to do as they pleased in the matter of their labor.

Passing now to a second institution which, upon the collapse in Europe of the main structure of slavery, was able, like another cancer, to perpetuate itself through the centuries—I refer to the institution of orthodoxy—we have another wide field of operation over which in the general darkness then prevailing—the inevitable shadow of this institution—rolled another battle for human freedom. Here the contest is removed from the physical to the mental, for a new age has now come in which man is to be put to a second test that involves his finding his way out of another darkness. The issue is now the emancipation of the mind, the question whether man shall have the right to face life for himself and to work out his own personal problem in his own way or slavishly to obey a controlling paternalism. Upon the issue of that contest, as we now see it, depended that prime spiritual possession, the right to think in freedom, to experiment with life and to accept at the hands of life its corrections. Does any one doubt that the powerful forces then arrayed against the new freedom of thought were the same forces that had stood so obstinately and

struck out so fiercely before against the freedom of labor? Is there one intelligent man or woman who, because the wheel of power has now turned round and the churchman has succeeded the statesman, and the missionaries of the Roman faith have displaced on the battle line the soldiers of the Roman law, does not see that the power which at this time, to stamp out freedom of thought, filled Europe with every instrument of torture which human ingenuity could devise, is identically the same as that which centuries before set up at one time in the island of Sicily alone twenty thousand crosses upon which were nailed twenty thousand slaves who had dared to question the right of the established order to do as it pleased with the labor of men?

The enforcement of orthodoxy was the supreme crime of the church, as the enforcement of slavery was the supreme crime of the state. And in the perpetuation of these vicious tyrannies each could always count upon the support of the other and, strange to say, upon the support of society whose education they had taken care all the while to keep firmly in hand. Even after a few bold spirits had awakened and, appealing to the higher instincts of men, were

seeking to compel these institutions to keep hands off the budding mind of humanity, the vast majority of the people of those Dark Ages, as we truly call them, were arrayed against their own freedom, denouncing as heretics and either burning or tearing to pieces or applauding these monstrous crimes against the pioneers of the new freedom.

With the abolition of slavery and orthodoxy has humanity completed its emancipation? We have seen how through the centuries the forces of a static world have gradually been driven from their control, first of man's body and then of his mind. Is there a third realm farther in toward the depths of the spirit, a seat of power in the unexplored shadows of life which man, if he would be free indeed, must discover and make his own? Is there another responsibility which as an individual he must take upon himself as he marches on toward his goal? Undoubtedly. There is no such thing as ultimate freedom. The progress of the individual will always encounter the resistance of the mass which will always regard his pushing forward as destructive. Finally, as the number of these forward-pushing individuals increases, there will come a time when, to those who have still

not caught the new vision, society will seem to be breaking up. Then if humanity is wise it will insist upon a free and full discussion of that which is causing the unrest, in order that society may not, in its misunderstanding of the phenomenon, obstruct the march of humanity into a larger life.

Centuries hence when mankind looks back upon the present age as we look back upon the ages that lie behind us, it will be seen that society at the close of the nineteenth and the opening of the twentieth century was in the throes of a third struggle for freedom in every respect as important to the forward movement of humanity as the two we have just considered which culminated in the establishment of free labor and free thought.

The coming of woman into the outer life of the world which the last half century has witnessed is comparable as a social phenomenon to the birth of science in the Dark Ages. It would be easy to parallel the appearance of these two, to identify their transforming influences, and to show how in both cases the reaction of society was the same. There has been the same suspicion, the same alarm, and the same sort of activity among institutionalists, the same op-

position to the entrance of woman into the affairs of the world as there was centuries ago to the coming of science. Already along the short path over which woman has thus far traveled toward freedom, there is the same martyrdom, softened, I started to say, by the humanities of the age, but nevertheless the same as that which from Roger Bacon to Francisco Ferrer has marked the long road of science.

And yet while the Social reaction has been the same, the revolution which science wrought is as different from that which woman has set in motion as the knowledge of radium is different from Madame Curie. Science is a cold white light; woman is a human being. Science is chiefly concerned with the fact; woman, with experience. Science may advance though the scientist keeps to his cloister, whereas to widen experience it is necessary for woman to come out into the world and into contact with other persons. It is evident, therefore, that the present revolution which is gathering in the wake of woman is to usher in not so much new systems of thought as new arrangements of life, a renaissance of human relations. In other words, the field which the pioneers of the present world-wide but as yet loosely organized

movement have earnestly set themselves to possess and clear, is generally the whole field of ethics and particularly that neglected section of it which through the centuries has become known as sex morality.

We can get some idea of the magnitude of the task they have undertaken if we will only remember that as yet we are not able even to define sex morality. We are in practically the same position with regard to the work which we have to do as were the people of the twelfth century with regard to that which confronted them. There is even the same reluctance to go forward, the same fear of what may come, the same obstacles thrown in the way of investigation as our forefathers encountered eight centuries ago in the first steps toward the scientific age. And therefore while intellectually we are grown up, in our knowledge of sex morality we are but little ahead of the shaggy, slant-browed creature who fled from his cave at the coming of the glacier. Stop the average man upon the street and ask him to tell you something of electricity and he will astonish you. Then ask him to tell you something of sex morality and he will astonish you again—by his ignorance. Or ask him to define for you the relation of the

individual to society in the matter of property, how far the individual may go in using or disposing of his private possessions, under what circumstances the state may interfere and the justification for such interference, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he will show an intimate understanding of these things. But touch upon the matter of sex relations; ask him under what circumstances the state is justified in interfering in the relation of man and woman —justified, I mean, not legally but morally— and he will be unable to answer you or his answers, if you care to compare them, will be found to be essentially the same as those made centuries ago when the question concerned the right of a person to think his own way through life. When I say, therefore, that in respect of our understanding of sex morality we are still in the Dark Ages, I mean exactly what I say. The mind of the average man is as incapable of dealing intelligently with this subject as was that of the average man of centuries ago with the sciences then coming to light. Then, as we know, the subject of free thought was taboo as heretical and dangerous, was suppressed by both church and state for the "good of society." So to-day for precisely the same reason, pre-

cisely the same attitude is taken toward the discussion of sex morality. We have allowed the prurient and the vulgar-minded, who themselves are never controlled by these considerations, to prevent the spread of light over one of the most vital spiritual problems that can touch a human being, one which goes far deeper into his nature and there exercises an influence far more elevating or degrading than any matter of industry or politics can possibly exercise, one which takes hands upon the highest planes of life with religion. And in the midst of this lamentable confusion as to the right relation of the sexes, woman has burst upon the world!

If there was ever since the beginning of time an age so unprepared as the present for the coming of a new and mighty factor, I do not know when it was. It is almost as though the wheat of the world should push up through frozen ground and come to harvest when the fields were full of snow. From centuries of secluded association with father and brother, almost in a day and with no increase of knowledge, woman has been tossed out upon the paths of men. If we had not been engrossed with other things the resultant intoxication might have been foreseen, and the inevitable straining

of the conventions provided for. But with not even a consciousness, it would seem, of the significance of this change, the very natures of man and woman have come into electrical contact, woman the seeker after experience, and man the protector of institutions. And not woman but man is at a loss to know what to do. Trained to expect woman to fill a place, he sees her flowing out into all places. Educated to regard her as a possession, he finds her becoming conscious of something beyond, likely to become the possession of others. From centuries as a wife, familiar as the commonest thing of the house, she has suddenly put on the garment of uncertainty, a companion to-day, a stranger to-morrow. Cling as we may to the pleasing fancy of a static relationship between man and woman, as in the long ago we clung to the similar illusion of a static labor and a static thought, the very days tell us it cannot be. And yet despite the testimony even of our eyes and ears, we persist in our efforts to arrest and bring to a pause the inevitable change. We even shut our eyes in order to convince ourselves that our procedure is rational. Meanwhile, a being whose interest through the ages has been almost wholly a sex interest is pouring out into a

world that knows nothing of sex, a world which man has laid out for the game of life in which there is nothing between him and the stake he desires. And in the grind of this astounding maladjustment, while we unconcernedly look on, thousands of lives annually are going to pieces.

From the standpoint merely of social economy and the elimination of human suffering, it is exceedingly unfortunate that science was not long ago encouraged to turn its attention to the study of man and woman and their cosmic relations, in order that we might have something of the fundamental knowledge upon this subject which we have upon other subjects that science has touched. For the situation in which we now find ourselves is one that may well arouse social concern. As a makeshift to patch up the wreck of our neglect we have allowed a matter which should have been handled solely by education to slip by us into the courts. For want of teachers we have turned to policemen. Because we do not understand, we punish; and heedless of the example of our forefathers whom we now honor for their liberation of the human mind, instead of insisting that sex morality too belongs in the field of education, we sit

by and allow the misalliances of men and women to be thrust into the category of crime. Knowledge is denied, and yet it is a penal offense to make a mistake. If the mistake has resulted in marriage, it can be corrected only by confessing a crime or by proving a crime. If it has not resulted in marriage, it is even worse. And when the courts have delivered their pronouncements, those who have come and those who have been brought are thereafter wiser only as to the provisions of the statutes. Meanwhile other generations come on, stumbling in the same ancient darkness, and the farce goes on forever.

Is there no way by which this criminal procedure may be stopped and this whole matter be brought back to the basis of education? Have we so long accustomed ourselves to relying upon the state to correct our blunders that we have forgotten that the spiritual forces properly directed are themselves adequate, in fact that they alone are adequate to produce a poised, self-controlled human being? Have we forgotten, furthermore, that we have no more right to interfere with the free choice of a man and a woman in the matter of conduct, where this conduct does not actually interfere with

the rights of others, than we have to interfere with the thoughts that two persons may choose to think? And this interference, let us remember, must be actual, not imaginary; must be of a more tangible character than those subtle considerations which we call sensibilities. For if we admit as a principle of action that the conduct of one person must square with the sensibilities of another person, we shall soon find ourselves falling into the same unreasonable intolerance as our forefathers showed centuries ago toward freedom of thought. It was because this freedom of thought shocked their sensibilities, not because it interfered with their rights, that they objected. Have we fought through two great battles for human freedom, and yet have no vision for the third?

In the matter of labor, since man emerged from slavery, it has been a principle of law that two responsible persons may enter into a contract and such contract is everywhere recognized as legal provided it does not interfere with the right of other persons to make a similar contract. And later, if the parties to this contract in which no third party is involved, desire at any time to terminate their agreement, society has come to recognize it as a sacred obli-

gation that this privilege be respected. The fact that other persons who have made similar contracts have no such desire has no bearing whatever on the case. Furthermore, to enquire into the cause of this change of mind in the contracting parties is beyond the jurisdiction of the court. Compare this respectful and rational attitude, in a matter which concerns merely dollars and cents, with the prying, officious, vulgar curiosity when two persons who have entered into a marriage contract appear and ask to have the contract ended. If our fathers could return, "Here," they would say, "is the Inquisition again." And undoubtedly in essential features there is a striking resemblance. Compare again our rational procedure in business relations where we consider our obligation fully discharged when we have provided opportunities for contract, and regard the failure of persons to avail themselves of these opportunities as something that concerns only themselves—compare with this our attitude toward those who do not come under the shelter of contract in the sex relations. In both cases, we have provided protection, but how vastly different our views of the relation of the individual to this protection. In the former case, it is op-

tional; in the latter, compulsory. In the one we seem to understand that we are dealing with men and women; in the other we proceed as though these same men and women had returned to the nursery. Therefore in business we have democracy; in the sex relations, paternalism.

For the child, we say, the helpless child. Here, certainly, we come upon solid ground, the only solid ground we have met. Beyond any question the child should be protected in some way; through the state if necessary. Society should see to it that the child is provided for. But what do we mean by providing for the child? Suppose the parents have not been married. What should the world do with this little creature? What should be his relation to the other children of the world, the respectably born? In nothing has the Christian world come further from understanding Christianity than in its answers to these questions. Against every principle of Christianity it has branded and made outcasts of thousands of children. And through all these centuries it has sought to escape the just condemnation of its inhuman attitude by shifting the blame upon the parents. The child ought never to have been born under the circumstances. The fact that it has been

so born, that it was so born yesterday and will be so born to-morrow, is never quite faced by the Christian world. It is of deeper concern, it would seem, and more in furtherance of religion, to enforce conformity to the conventions on the part of the parents than to see to it that through a broad charity and right education a human place is made in the world for the child. It is often a source of profound astonishment to hear people, who in other respects show no particular interest in the child, who "when discipline demands it" have no hesitation in inflicting brutal punishment upon their own children, express themselves with fervor upon the right of the child to be "properly born." To such people this phrase has but one meaning, that the parents have been legally married. A healthful environment, sufficiency of food, and opportunities for education, these are not embraced in the term. A bit of Phariseeism more genuine than this it would be hard to find. If the child suffers from being born outside of marriage, who does not see it is society that is to blame for it? Just as in an age, happily now past, society was responsible for the somewhat similar disadvantages which the child suffered from having

parents who were free-thinkers. Then, too, we remember, the blame was laid upon the parents.

As regards both labor and thought, man has outgrown the nursery of institutional interference. He has earned and now maintains the right to make a mistake and to learn not from punishment laid upon him from outside but from the reaction of the mistake upon his own life. In these matters we have come to perceive that it is best both for the individual and for society to allow personal experience with its certain rewards and its equally certain punishments the widest possible latitude. And in industry and opinion we ease off the rougher reactions which the stumbling man or woman may encounter not by arrests and imprisonments but by the saner way of kindling in the mind by education of a truer knowledge of life.

The abolition of slavery did not mean that thereafter a man was to have no right to engage himself to another man upon whatsoever terms and conditions he saw fit, for a lifetime if he so desired. It simply meant that he was not thereafter to be compelled to do so. The abolition of orthodoxy did not mean that thereafter a man was to be forbidden to cling to his

creed if he so desired, but simply that he was not to be forced to do so against his desire.

What then is poetogamy, this new institution touching the relation of man and woman which Tolstoy foresaw rising beyond the great war? Obviously the third step in human freedom, a widening of the privileges and the responsibilities of the individual. Does it involve the passing of monogamy? Certainly not. Will it stamp out polygamy and polyandry? Again, certainly not. Poetogamy is simply respect for the right of others to do as they please in the matter of sex relations, the opening of the gate for law to step out and for education to step into this realm, precisely as we have seen, for a similar purpose, two other gates open in the past. The struggles for free labor and free thought were won by man. Is it too much to hope that the glory of the third victory will fall to woman?

THE CULTURAL OBSESSION

X

THE CULTURAL OBSESSION

THE historian of the future who dips back into the files of present-day newspapers seeking material for an adequate account of the Great War will find within the field that he must cover an element which the historian of no other war has had seriously to consider. Heretofore it has been sufficient to set forth the causes, progress, and consequences of a conflict as they worked themselves out along lines centering in and branching out from three leading characters: the statesman who, with his eyes upon the boundaries and the fate of states, holds in his hand the tangled threads of diplomacy; the financier, or master of essentials shall we call him, who embodies in himself the difficult problem of immediate supplies and the future economic welfare of his country; and the general commanding the armies in the field. But already in the present conflict, owing to a new factor which for some time has slowly been edging its way toward world control, a fourth

figure has emerged and already has taken his place with the other three. And the task assigned to this new-comer, if we may judge from the attention he has received, is quite as important as those presided over by any of his colleagues. For since the conquest of humanity by the newspapers and the consequent tapping of the sources of public opinion, a high judiciary has come into existence before which, willing or unwilling, nations are tried. And this public opinion, slowly educated to peace, has become such an avowed enemy to war that armed nations have found it necessary to create and maintain what amounts to a new branch of the military service which, for want of a better name, we may call the Corps of National Apologists. Even nations engaged in defensive warfare have been obliged to adopt this new type of military assistant whose duty it is to guard the moral commissariat of the armies or, to put it in another way, to stand between the world's conscience and the horrors of the battlefield, and, when the scales tip with an overweight of what seems wanton carnage, to throw into the other side powerful phrases of justice and of right. Therefore the battle of brains that goes on from the peaceful interiors of the

warring nations, the charge and counter-charge of professors and litterateurs who at the first tap of the drum seem also to have been summoned to the colors and who, night and day, as though the fate of their countries depended upon them, hurry with their briefs into the great court of neutral opinion.

It is strange when the nations engaged have been so little regardful of the world's opinion that such strenuous efforts should be made to capture the world's sympathy. Great works of literature are being left in tragic incompleteness, the advance of science is being halted, and in philosophy who knows what masterpieces are being lost, in order that the belligerent nations may not lack skilled advocates to justify the course they have adopted and forcibly to present to a public, too apt to overlook them, those other considerations which are of more importance than human life. There is not a loophole, not a crevice anywhere in the wall of the world's opinion, that offers the least opening to a wedge but some famous writer of fiction, some renowned psychologist or some essayist of reputation, is not there pleading for a chance to be heard. Even ancient friendships are dug up from the forgotten past and are made occasions of

lengthy epistles, obviously intended for a wider public, to show what an irreparable loss the world would suffer should the "barbarian" win.

It was not unforeseen by those who have watched with any understanding the development of Europe that in the event of a war between the leading nations of that continent the word that would probably be most often requisitioned to designate the foe would be the word "barbarian." For always there is some word which, by a sort of subtle agreement, is accepted among the nations as expressive of supreme contempt. For centuries the word employed for this purpose was the word "heathen" or "infidel." But since the decline of Christianity and the falling away of millions from the church these words long ago ceased to rankle and have therefore of their own weight fallen into disuse. But with the rise of the school, an essentially pagan institution, to the position of supreme influence, a new ideal has arisen which has necessitated the finding of a new word, one as expressive of the utter lack of the essentials of the true civilization as was the former of the essentials of the true religion. If the school were an institution that had come into existence within recent times, like the press,

if culture were a magical growth of last night, it would have been much more difficult to find the precise word. But the school, like the church, is ancient of days and has a vocabulary mellow and adequate to the needs both of individuals and of nations, and therefore almost instinctively there has leaped into the mouths of the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the German a word which has lain unused since the eclipse of Greece. Now that Europe has become pagan or, let us say, classical, after two thousand years of dormancy the word "barbarian" wakes again into life and once more with terrible disdain is hurled now across the Rhine, now over into Russia, and now this way and that across the Channel.

This, then, is the new element, this tumult in the interiors of the warring nations, the attack of one culture upon another, each claiming superiority, that the future historian will have to deal with if he expects to hand on to after ages an adequate account of the Great War. For beside columns devoted to field operations, to the killing and wounding of millions of men, to the devastation of lands and the pauperization of peoples, he will come upon other columns in which, like a battle in the clouds, for the benefit

of neutral nations this strange debate goes on over the relative merits of their respective cultures.

It is a good thing that the war has again brought up this question of culture. Never was there a time more appropriate than the present to assess once for all its value and to ascertain what service it is rendering in the high place which it occupies.

Few things that have come down to us out of the past need so much as does culture to be reëxamined in the light of our new democracy. For ages it has played about the horizon of humanity, evoking wonder and reverence, at intervals during certain golden years becoming an almost tangible thing, then disappearing to play again about the horizon. And always that awe which it has inspired, like that which the pomp of the popes inspired in the hearts of the early Goths, fresh out of the wilderness, has won for those who professed it considerations which the mass of humanity has not enjoyed. The slave who could recite Euripides was, we remember, set free, while his companions, in whose minds the divine fire had never kindled, were sent to the quarries. Other institutions have suffered the shocks of life, have even gone

down under the rising flood of democracy, but with no abatement of influence the aristocracy of culture has persisted through the ages. In respect of reverence which they have commanded the professors of culture have been more fortunate even than the professors of religion. In irreligious ages priests have been persecuted like ordinary men, whereas in dark ages the man of learning has retained his halo, brighter if anything for the darkness about him. And with the advancement of civilization his influence has increased. He has even fallen heir to prerogatives formerly exercised exclusively by the man of God, so that to-day it is the man of culture, not as yesterday the man of religion, who is summoned by governments in times of great crisis to make plain to the outraged conscience of humanity those other considerations which are of more importance than human life. The scholar has become the father confessor of the nations.

In the long ago a war was righteous or abhorrent as it advanced or retarded the spread of so-called Christianity. Then, too, there were considerations of more importance than human life. Though the church, as I tried to show in a previous chapter, from her very establish-

ment upon the Tiber, turned her face toward conquest, it was probably from Islam that Christianity received its ultimate impulse to take up the sword for the conversion of unbelievers; and to the sword the builders of the church soon added the faggot. Divergent in many points of faith and practice as these two creeds were, the Christian came finally to agree with the Mohammedan in this, that war was justifiable, was even a high duty, provided its purpose was to carry to the benighted the saving grace of the true religion. The one essential difference between them was that there was more strife to protect the true faith from the heresy of free minds within Christendom than there was in the Mohammedan world.

The culturist therefore had a precedent for adopting the professional attitude toward war. Though there are people to-day who are doubtless irritated by his aloofness from the human cry in the present war, in this, too, we must remember, he is following an ancient precedent. Culture has succeeded religion, but professionalism has remained. War to-day is righteous or abhorrent as it seems likely to advance or retard culture, not all culture but the true culture. Religionists and culturists, so wide apart

in many things, are alike in this, that they have both suffered from the fatal tendency to exaggerate the importance of their place in the economy of life. Withdrawn from the world of active affairs into a world of contemplation, and surrounded with the ancient illusion that they alone live in imperishable realities, they have induced a state of mind that sees in all the other manifestations of life both cosmic and social, roots and leaves the sole purpose of which from the foundation of the world has been to gather food for these particular blooms. And tending these blooms, they have unconsciously developed that professionalism which imagines that humanity was made for these things and not these things for humanity.

What is this thing, then, to consider which the neutral nations are asked to take their eyes from battle-fields where thousands of men are dying? Obviously it is something which the mass of mankind do not understand and of which dictionaries give no adequate definition. We are asked to accept it on faith. We are asked to quiet our compunctions and to believe that if only the cause of true culture is promoted, all is well. And if, still troubled, we persist in our determination to find out what

this thing is, and search the records of Greece where it is supposed to have originated, still we are disappointed. The past throws no light upon why it is that culture has a place in the scales against human suffering. We are even more confused, less able to understand it than before. For while in Greece, too, culture was considered a thing of so divine a character as to justify the enslavement of one part of the population by the other, it was not until the leadership of Greece fell into the hands of the semi-barbarian Philip that designs for world conquest became rife. Never before this did it occur to the sane Greek to take up the sword in order to bring civilization to the barbarian. The Athenian mind, superior as it unquestionably was to its neighbors, was never soil to the strange idea of teaching the world. The Greek was too busy teaching himself. And always in Greece when the need arose the guardians of culture were to be found in the ranks of the armies. At Marathon, we remember, the great Æschylus bared his immortal breast to the Persian spear. And Socrates fought shoulder to shoulder with ordinary men in the Macedonian wars. And Demosthenes, that terrible foe of the barbarian,

went forth against this barbarian, sword in hand. Evidently modern culture is more precious than ancient culture or more likely to perish should its guardians fall.

We are asked to accept it on faith. We are asked to believe that above the head of the average man there is something for which nevertheless the average man should be willing to die. Even by eminent rationalists, in the grasp of whose terrible logic the pillars of the church have come down because it was claimed they supported a transcendental kingdom, we are asked in our investigations into the responsibility for the present war to throw into the scales this thing which very clearly belongs in the same class of unseen values. That I call an unseen value the existence of which a man accepts from the mouth of another man without knowing in his own soul that it is true. Upon the pillars of the church which the culturists have brought down they have erected another kingdom for the scattering of whose blessings it is their bounden duty as in the days of Islam to assault with fire and sword and bring into subjection peoples into whose lives this wonderful light has never come. Culture is the new religion possessing all the sanctions

and employing for its spread all the instruments employed by the church in the Dark Ages—even to the crosses.

Is it possible that Germany does not see what every nation can easily see if it will only take the trouble to look into its own depths, that not only in neighboring nations but in Germany also, despite her leadership in education, there are vast masses of people to whom this thing which her élite call culture is an unseen, certainly an unshared value? For no one would resent more quickly or with more fervor than the German professor the idea that culture is reading and writing and the ability to figure wages.

Is the average German soldier, who has grown up in a country in which it is claimed the new culture has for years had its home, so different from the soldiers of the opposing armies that he knows what is meant by this wonderful light beyond the pale of which men are "barbarians"? Do these men whose forefathers marched forth to the ends of the earth and fell by thousands about the Holy Sepulcher understand what for it is they have gone forth? Of old, as we see it now, those waves after long waves that rolled toward Asia from the fields

and towns of Europe were blown by the winds of fanaticism. Of the peasants and artisans who made up the bulk of those great armies, though inconspicuous under the banners of the Godfreys and the Barbarossas, not one in his normal condition could have given any reason for his ardor. Even churchmen to-day are ashamed of those militant outbursts of the true faith and would fain erase them from the pages of history.

Since the last crusader returned beaten from Asia, what a change has come over the world! Since time began no other six centuries span a gulf so immeasurable. It is as though, with all the intervening lands dropped out, a bridge should have grown up between China and Germany. Despite the wars and the clash of baron with baron, how still that ancient world, how far off from the world of to-day thundering with engines and aflame and boiling with democracy. And yet when we consider it closely the transformation seems to be chiefly an outer one. Wide as the chasm is, the man on this side is not so very different from the man on the other side. For while it is true that the farther end of the bridge is engulfed in darkness, in the march of man over into the present Age of En-

lightenment, as we call it, the great forces of the Dark Ages have not fallen behind. Names have changed, possibly motives also, but that which is deeper than either of these, the capacity of man for illusions and his readiness to march in vast masses into incalculable suffering and death for something which he does not understand—this has remained the same. Fundamentally therefore, despite the marvelous expansion of education, we are evidently still in the Dark Ages. For what is the Dark Ages if not a lack of understanding, a widespread darkness instead of a widespread light?

And over this bridge into a changed but not a new world has come also the builder of illusions. Changed as the times are changed, but with power still to set millions in motion toward the horizon beyond which they seem to think some paradise awaits them, the user of magical words is still among us. As on the other side of the bridge humanity was told and unquestioningly believed that there was something which, though they could not understand it, was vastly more important than work or rewards of work, for which it was their duty, their glory to give up all they were attached to, even their lives, so to-day. Though the soldiers of the

true culture understand as little of what is meant by this phrase as the soldiers of the true faith knew what was meant by that expression, it is under the same enchantment and with the same shout that they go forth to die.

As out of the Dark Ages, we hear of the "duty to make war," not the duty to defend oneself but the duty to conquer others. And when the world asks why, the culturists tell us it is for the spread of the true culture.

Christendom, as I have said, probably learned this strange gospel from the wild followers of the Prophet who, in their assault upon Europe, curving up now in the West and now in the East like the horns of the crescent, sought to convert with the sword the followers of the cross. For though even before Islam the Roman legions had swept Westward, never from Rome this mystical justification of war. The Romans were a practical people whose imagination, though it might play with the ends of the earth, was never kindled into the white heat of frenzy. Tyrants often were the Cæsars, but never fanatics. If they went forth sword in hand, it was with something in the other hand which, after almost two thousand years, mankind concedes was of inestimable value. In the

wake of the Roman armies followed the Roman peace, in those days of fierce tribal warfare a compensation shared alike by serf and noble, and understandable even by barbarians. And therefore it is not difficult to see why the conquered peoples of the north soon enlisted in the Roman armies, for whether in Gaul or in Britain the lowest man, challenged to explain his strange face-about to the Cæsars, could point to order where disorder had reigned, to splendid roads, to growing trade, to a tangible betterment of life under the Roman peace. But behind the zealous followers of the Prophet what sediment remained? Looking out over the vast lands which they conquered, we see far less substantial contributions to the common good than those which the practical Romans invariably left in subjugated lands. Even more true is this of the followers of the cross who in turn carried the tide of conquest over Asia. The Christians were in no sense the vanguards of a higher order of life. Indeed, of neither the Mohammedan nor the Christian was it the purpose or the hope to bring such benefits to conquered lands. Theirs was the mission to offer in return for indescribable suffering in this life an indefinable paradise in the

next. It is impossible to conceive of the Roman as ever afflicted with any such obsession, for the Roman, even the man in the ranks, always somehow knew what he was about, and there was no intelligence however low to which he could not have explained himself. But of the other two, those militant faiths with their imagined superiority and their duty to teach the world, what other word so well expresses as the word obsession that utter loss of reason, that wild egomania, that passion to die if only the true faith might live, which drenched first Europe and then Asia with blood?

When we contemplate Europe to-day, we do not see that wide difference between Germany and her neighbors which distinguished Rome from Gaul and early Britain. In the case of Rome, acquainted as she was with cities, with commerce, and with the arts, one could easily have foreseen that vast benefits would flow to the conquered northern peoples who knew nothing of these things. But in the case of Germany, it is not clear why the other civilizations of Europe should be obliged to take character after hers. Nothing is so alluring about Europe as its diversity of races working out their diversity of ideals. At the price of this,

which we find in no other continent, even German culture, though it were all the Germans themselves claim for it, would come high. Yet there are those who would see in the dissemination of this culture over the whole continent an ample return even for the ruin of the present war. Just so the followers of Gebel al Tarik and later the followers of the Lion Heart.

It is incomprehensible that culture should ever have gone to religion for its sanctions. For culture, especially German culture, has never in other respects shown a disposition to follow the lead of Christianity either medieval or ancient. Indeed, in nothing has the aggressive Teutonic spirit shown itself more clearly or more admirably a pioneer in those things which concern the freedom of the human mind than in the bold way in which it has dissected this ancient faith and divested it of its superstitions. Nowhere, as I have said, have imaginary values come down with such a noise as they have in Germany. For German culturists to have adopted the thesis of Islam and of medieval Christianity that war is justifiable provided its purpose be to introduce among the peoples whom it has outraged a vision of some far uplands of the spirit that have been revealed to

them alone, seems to those who have fed upon the world-thoughts of Goethe and Schiller to be a blighting of the fine flower of the German mind and strangely out of keeping with that character which should rule the world. If the world is to be ruled by one race it should be by that race which is the most capable of appreciating what the other races have accomplished. Life should move toward the broader, not the narrower; toward the cosmopolitan, not the provincial.

It is surprising that the keen German psychologist who, it has always been supposed, understands better than his confrères of other countries the workings of the human mind, has not perceived the incongruity of a cultural crusade in an age of democracy. Here is a failure more astonishing even than the failure of German diplomacy. For any one with the slightest knowledge of human nature and with only a newspaper acquaintance with modern Germany could have picked out for the leaders of the German Foreign Campaign Committee a dozen claims far more likely to win the world's sympathy than this claim of cultural superiority. Instinctively he would have said: "Here is your need of land for your growing population,

and the care you take, more than any other nation in Europe, of your people. These will appeal to humanity everywhere, especially in America." For unfortunately we are so made that our hearts go out to human need and human attention but shut themselves up at the least sign of domineering. It is exceedingly strange that a truth, obvious to the man in the street, should have escaped the German professor—even before the present war. And now, after months of opportunity to observe effects in neutral lands, it is incomprehensible that it is still not seen. In the experimental sciences particularly Germany has won fame. In her laboratories theories have met facts and have been subjected to the test of facts. And yet after this long protracted discussion and appeal to the neutral nations one has but to turn any day to the correspondence columns of the newspapers to discover under German names boldly put down such expressions as would have gratified beyond words the heart of Treitschke, who quotes so approvingly:

> "Some day through the German nation,
> All the world will find salvation."

Signed letters more amazing to the common

man and of more interest to the student of human nature have never appeared in print. Evidently it is still not apparent to the German people that egomania is not only out of date, but what is more to the point in their campaign for the world's good opinion, that it has failed utterly to produce results. If instead of being a human problem, a matter upon which may hang consequences of the most vital character, it had been a problem in chemistry having seriously to do with the perfecting of a dye or a drug, it is inconceivable that the German mind would not long ago have perceived what was the matter.

If Germany has failed both in her diplomacy and in her more general understanding of human nature it is solely for the reason that, despite her marvelous progress along other lines, she has still not emancipated herself from the medievalism of her universities in which, as always, human values are of secondary importance and in which the idea seems still to persist that humanity is interested not in freedom but in culture.

THE MORAL FAILURE OF "EFFICIENCY"

XI

THE MORAL FAILURE OF "EFFICIENCY"

IF the present war is making some men brutal, it is also making most men humble. We had become sure of ourselves—sure that at least our foundation was sound. We had only to enlarge our rooms and here and there to alter their arrangement for the growing needs of our spreading democracy to make of the world the comfortable place our hearts had desired. And therefore, while we were willing to change our institutions, we saw no need to change ourselves. Now, as though something had been thrust right up against our faces, we see that it is not so much a new government or a new church or a new industrial system that is needed, as a new and fervent idealism that will warm and shine through all these. Given new builders, and whatever changes are needed in our institutions will take care of themselves; but new builders we must have. And more light, vastly more light! Never was the spiritual sun so far off, never

were we so lost to the meaning of life. For in as many months, as many centuries have fallen out. Yesterday between ourselves and the Dark Ages lay the bright fields of the Renaissance; to-day we shake hands with Peter the Hermit and Walter the Penniless. Incalculable as has been our loss of property and business, this cuts nothing like so deeply as our loss of pride. With what terrible mockery it comes back upon us now that only yesterday we were sending missionaries to the heathen. If we could only forget that! If only we could shut from our minds the memory of the complacency with which we surveyed history and laid out age on age the march of man. From the fifth to the eleventh century A. D. was the Dark Ages; from the eleventh to the sixteenth was the Renaissance; the present was the Age of Enlightenment. Ah, the bitterness of it all!

This is the right spirit in which to face the future, the only spirit that can justify a hope of something better. No one is so difficult to teach as the teacher no one so hard to draw onward as the one who thinks he is there. If the present war has seemed to set us back, it is chiefly because of the immense vistas it has opened up. It is as though all our lives we had had our eyes

upon the earth, and had suddenly looked up at the stars. For centuries we had compared ourselves with our fathers, to our vast advantage. Then there was a shock, and we found ourselves facing the future. What we had done was suddenly thrown up against not what our fathers had done, but what we had not done, and we were overwhelmed. We are small, we are ignorant, we are barbarous. We were exalted, and we are cast down. "Except ye . . . become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." War has made us children. Now we are ready to go forward. Or at least we are ready to look around us in humility and with open minds. And looking about us, we see, amid the utter wreck of all that we have and are, that our sole hope lies in the fuller unfoldment of humanity—unfoldment, education. For how without this shall we find our way out of the morass into which we have wandered?

What is the supreme failure which we have made in this thing to which, nevertheless, we still look for the solution of the mighty problems that confront us? Undoubtedly this, that we have mistaken literacy for education. We have been satisfied if the people—I mean the great

mass of people—have learned to read and write. We have led them through the alphabet, then to make room for those crowding behind, we have shunted them out into trades and occupations. And we have deceived ourselves into believing that we were educating the people. If any one doubts that the least possible education consistent with national vanity has been the social goal toward which, consciously or unconsciously, we have been drifting, let him stop and recall how much he has read in public prints and how much he has heard from public speakers of the reduction of illiteracy, and with what pride statistics have been quoted showing this happy "spread of intelligence" among the people. And the naïveté with which we accepted this as proof of the enlightenment of our age, and the reliance which we placed upon it not only to advance society, but to preserve peace—only within the past few months have we come to realize what children we were. State has vied with state and nation with nation for a high place upon this honor-roll. In their eagerness to get their populations out of ignorance they have resembled shepherds who have only to get their flocks into the fold to go home and sleep securely for the night. Once they have brought

their peoples safely into the corral of literacy, they have felt free to turn their attention elsewhere. The completion of the education of a state or a nation is its graduation from ignorance to literacy.

When society has conducted a man across this line we are confident that thereafter he can find his way alone. For he is now mature, a shaper of opinions, a free and sovereign part of the social intelligence. Thereafter, if he is oppressed industrially, if he is misled by his rulers into imagining that it is to his interest to lay down his tools and take up the sword, he has only himself to blame for it. It would be an unheard-of extravagance to pay further attention to a man who can read and write and do problems in arithmetic. We have discharged our high responsibility when we have connected him with the newspapers. Ignorant, he was a menace to society; but educated to read the newspapers, he is a safe and dependable citizen, or, what is more to the point, an equipped and dependable workman. Literacy is the sop which our comfortable society throws to democracy. And with this supplied, generously as the modern world has supplied it, we were safe from a recrudescence of barbarism.

Nothing in the record of modern times will so excite the smile among peoples of centuries to come as the serious attention which we have paid to this rudiment of education and the little after-concern we have shown for anything beyond it. They will be filled with wonder that this age, the most marvelous in many ways that has ever passed over the planet, among the first if not the very first in the richness of objective life, should ever have confounded with education, which means unfoldment, a makeshift, hurry-them-through process that contributes to nothing of the sort, and is indeed the very opposite of unfoldment. The astonishment which they will feel that minds capable of producing such masterpieces of science and mechanics as our age has produced could be capable of such blindness as we have shown in education will be similar to that which we now feel when we recall amid what sort of crude, religious concepts the old masters flourished. Despite the fact that the age in which they lived was honeycombed with churches, not to that age, we now see, was it given to look behind the trinkets of ritual. Similarly, despite our multiplicity of schools, turn where we will, there are evidences that we are mistaking the outer for the inner,

the facts for the living forces of life. Reading and writing, a little mathematics, a little history, a little literature, ability to trace a few rivers and locate a few capitals, to distinguish between the veto and the pocket-veto, to know a robin from a bluebird—we do not seem to be aware that this is the outer shell of education as ritual is the outer shell of religion.

Within a few years, if our present zeal and the outpouring of public and private wealth continue, the last illiterate will have crossed the line into safety. Will our work then be simply to see that there is no relapse? Will we then have accomplished our task?

As we draw near this goal, there are signs that, with ignorance abolished, with the mental man put in order, we shall be at a loss to know what to do. Already we are growing restless lest with these educational necessities provided, the *raison d'être* of our school system will have vanished. And we are turning hither and thither in exceeding perplexity to discover to what other uses this expensive system may be put. And while discussion goes on as to the advisability of adopting this or that innovation, there is one which we have already adopted: we have resolved to educate the hand.

There are evidences, I say, that out of a sheer we don't know what else to do with them, our schools are to be turned into workshops. Either because we do not see or because we are incapable of entering the mighty field of the moralities, where the finer urgings and the powerful restraints of life are bred, from one end of the world to the other we are shepherding the rising generation toward tools. And, as always, weighty reasons are at hand. Why should we teach our young solely to read and write, and neglect the mighty matter of work? Work, not reading and writing, is the normal function of the human being. All else is abnormal. Work is the language of humanity. Why not teach the child to speak that? It is by work that they will have to live. Why not prepare them to live? Therefore, sewing and cooking; therefore, the making of boxes and the molding of bricks. We have lighted the candle of literacy; now we are going to set it upon the bench in order that the workman may be an intelligent workman. At last our educators have found not, as in literacy a means to an end, but the end itself.

It needs no seer to perceive that the goal toward which we are aiming is the goal of the

modern world, efficiency. To be capable of co-ordinating brain and hand in the production of a piece of work, that and that alone is to be the new education. Literacy, despite our strenuous efforts to keep it alive, would seem to be the dying out of an ancient ideal for an intellectual humanity, the diffusion of a light, once concentrated in a few suns and stars, over the benighted masses of men. Whether we may not eventually dispense with it altogether as a luxury remains to be seen. For work has come —work, the herald of a new age. And education, the purpose of which among the ancients was to connect man with the cosmos, to give him an understanding of the laws and purposes of life, is becoming ancillary to this physical giant that has come among us. More and more the value of the training which is offered in our schools is being estimated by how much it contributes to the new practical science of making good, of meeting one's fellow-man or fellow-woman in the factory and proving the better, whether at the bench or in the office. And this is accepted as quite the proper thing except by those who are still not convinced that the world is a factory or man solely a workman.

What is the larger meaning of the new age

that for years has been dawning, and into what sort of world, if we submit ourselves placidly to its guidance, will it at last usher us?

Undoubtedly it is a revolt against the past, the sacrifice of everything to the present. This is the key-note of the new age; that, regardless of to-morrow, the day that is passing must be freighted to its full capacity. Therefore the newspaper, the voice of the present, has succeeded the book; therefore the job has crowded out the integrities of life. No single idea—or shall we say unconscious conviction?—has become so conspicuously the fetish of the modern man as the idea that the present is to be seized at all costs. The relations of things and of people, of the man himself to the past and to the future, all these are of less concern than the particular thing upon which the eye is fixed. That he is completing something or, rather, adding to something upon which humanity has been working since the very appearance of humanity upon the planet has either become a myth or, despite his education, has never so much as entered his mind. Such a conception is not involved in the meaning of literacy, is not necessary to manual efficiency. To be literate, one need not see his place upon the

great reef of being, but only his relation to the passing moment. As for the future, what is the future? We neither know nor care. The consumption of children in our industries is the index of the age. If only we can keep up steam, —whither we are plunging we do not care,—it matters nothing if we burn masts and cabins. The past and the future are follies that the modern man has outgrown.

It is high time we were considering what is meant by efficiency, and just what the pursuit of it involves. It is only within recent years that the word has become the common possession of men; but this very fact that it has thus suddenly leaped into wide currency is itself proof that even before its coming we were already in full motion toward that which it signifies. Indeed, few words fit so intimately into our every-day life or express so precisely the spirit of the present age. To be efficient in the sense in which the word is used to-day requires the concentration upon some particular thing or task in life until one's mastery of it is supreme. Is efficiency education? It all depends upon what we mean by education. If education is unfoldment, then efficiency is not education. Education is inclusive, whereas efficiency is exclusive. Effi-

ciency has to do with a part of the universe; education with the whole. Efficiency produces a workman; education, a human being. Education is illuminating; efficiency is the darkening of the chamber of life in order to develop a film.

Does it make any difference, so far as its effect upon the person in the dark room is concerned, whether the picture to be developed is the picture of a perfect mason able to lay a score more bricks than his fellows or a scholar who through years of application has added Assyrian to his list? Is not the whole question of the value of such efficiency both to the individual and to society the question how much of what lies outside the dark room has been forgotten by the person at work on the inside? Or is it of no consequence that stars are forgotten, that the open fields disappear, that parenthood becomes a name? Is an increase in such skill or such knowledge of such importance that we may safely purchase it at the price of the eternal verities? That is a question which our leaders of education would do well to take with them into their studies. For to-morrow, as never before, the world is going to put the question. As never before we are going to set ourselves to

finding out why it is that in an age of general education human life has no meaning.

We are fortunate in having a single nation to which we may turn and find an example of what modern education, when carried to its logical conclusion, will accomplish. Germany alone has had the courage to build its last story, to be loyal to it unto death. To be supremely efficient both as an individual and as a nation, if there is one idea which more than any other deserves the label "Made in Germany," it is this. No other nation has ever rallied with such fervor about a word as Germany has rallied to the word *Kultur*, efficiency. Other faiths and philosophies have been thrust aside to make room for this. *Kultur* is the spiritual kaiser of the German nation.

The world is under obligations to Germany for this energizing idea, which, in its place as the servant of life, has undoubtedly been fruitful of vast good. But as the goal of effort, as the master of life, into what moral confusion, into what unspeakable crime, has it not led us! For centuries mankind will be clothed with shame, and the European, whether in the councils of state or traveling among the nations, will grow red and stammer his apologies. And

the German people, led on through the years to this terrible chasm, when at last they have awakened, with what hearts will they face their masters of education? How, hereafter, will they read over the amazing creed which to-day they so fervently approve and which through years has been wrought out of the basest utterances of their nobler men and the least noble utterances of their basest. "War is a business, divine in itself, and as needful and necessary to the world as eating and drinking," said Luther. "Let your labor be fighting. . . . The weak and the blotched must perish from the earth," declared Nietzsche. "War is elevating. . . . What a perversion of morality to wish to abolish heroism among men!" said Treitschke. "The inevitableness, the idealism, and the blessing of war, as an indispensable and stimulating law of development, must be repeatedly emphasized," said Bernhardi. Here, certainly, is the dark room. We hear of the failure of the German this and of the German that, but it is becoming clearer every day that it is the German mind that has failed. That is the supreme, the saddest tragedy of the present war. "We wanted it," says the great Berlin editor, Maxmillian Harden. And there is no doubt that he is right.

And only yesterday we were all at school to Germany. Our leaders of industry, our educators, even our doctors of divinity, were going abroad to get the German point of view. Germany was the modern world; Berlin, the gate to the future. To be unacquainted with German thought was almost to be medieval. We did not question the relation between mind and morals. If the one had advanced, how could the other have lagged behind? How could a people so far ahead in theory be behind in practice? We were ready to look askance at the kaiser; but the German people—their sociability was one of the attractions of Europe. Their love of children had gone throughout the world with their toys. We were not aware that this sociability was subtly being fed to conquest, that these toy-makers were being converted into gun-makers. We did not realize the power of education utterly to transform a people.

It needs no Treitschke now to tell us that "the German army constitutes a peculiar and necessary continuation of the scholastic system." Assuredly it is. What the mind conceives the hand will execute. Given the German training, the present war was as inevitable as that a stone which had dropped four feet will drop the fifth,

if there be a fifth. It was just as certain as that the stars swing round that sooner or later Germany would seek to complete her natural orbit. Whether Germany counseled the Austrian stroke that was the technical cause of the present war is beside the point. The great fact which sooner or later will emerge from the present confusion, which indeed has already emerged, is that what is happening in Europe to-day is the logical outcome of a partial, and therefore false, view of life, the inevitable consequence of the worship of efficiency. With the finest educational system of its kind in the world, with a system that in its way has made good as no other system has made good, Germany is less able to get along with her neighbors than any other nation in the world.

Turn now from German militarism, the final step in German education, to industrialism in almost any of the leading nations.

I have said that the world has become a factory. Consider life in any quarter of the globe, and mark in what direction it is moving. For the vast web of injustice and poverty that we are weaving, our mighty energies are flowing into the factory as to an ultimate heart. And this heart is the active center of the modern

world, as the school, in the higher meaning of that term, was the center of the Hellenic world, as the church was the center of the medieval world. And just as these former ages took color and character from their central institutions, so the present age takes color and character from the factory. The statesman is the voice of the factory in government. The educator never forgets for what it is his work is a preparation, that the final examinations are held in the factory. Even religion makes terms with the factory, softens its admonitions to the powerful presence in the pews. As the Greek was kindled with culture and the Christian with faith, so to much the same fervor the present age is bitten with the passion for making things. We consume ourselves in order to produce something. We cannot ripen, because it is a waste of time hanging upon the bough.

The consequences are inevitable. The moment a man becomes merely a workman, whether a miner or an engineer, a teacher or a lawyer, that moment he becomes less than a human being. For no man can give himself mind and soul to a part without sooner or later becoming a part. He will fail to realize the difference between a whole made up of wholes like society, in

which it is necessary for the individual to realize what he is, and a whole made up of parts like a piece of mechanism. In this respect the workman and the soldier are alike. Each is a unit of labor, and it needs no transformation of mind to convert the one into the other. That is why it is so easy to fill armies with workmen. Both have forgotten or, though they may have gone through our schools, have never yet learned that they are human beings. Unless a mighty corrective is applied, a corrective which has not yet appeared in the modern world, the three hundred men who combine their labor and intelligence to the making of a watch will forget that they themselves are not parts of a larger watch to be wound up by some outside hand and to be carried in the pocket of some kaiser. And once this oblivion has come over them, there is no limit to their loyalty, no sacrifice that they will not make to remain parts.

To such a degree has this system, which we may fairly call the German system, become the European system and the American system, and is threatening to become the Turkish system and the Chinese system, that the integrities of life are on the point of disappearing. That freedom of life, that space in which to wander, to

run, if one so desires or to lie down, that leisure to absorb the meaning of the whole, which is the divine heritage and joy of a cosmic being, is tottering under the transformation of the human being himself. The richness of color and of mood which we think of as the glory of the ancient world is fading into the drab of efficiency. Gradually we are becoming units of labor.

This, then, is the debris of an educational system that has utterly failed—failed to give sanity to life, failed even to protect life. For already it has become evident that if our superstructure has collapsed, the ultimate cause lies down here in the foundation which, more from a hope of what it shall be, we call education. The towering structure which we reared, and which has now toppled over, was both in height and weight wholly out of proportion to the labor expended underneath it. That, we may safely say, will be the judgment of posterity upon the present age; that it had height without depth, a marvelous mounting of the visible without the granite of the invisible to sustain it. Indeed, that is already our own judgment.

Right here, if we only knew it, is the crossing of the two roads, from a far journey along one of which we now reel back stricken, bereft, horri-

fied. Where have we been? Into what nightmare have we wandered? It is almost as though the body of humanity lay torn and bleeding at our feet, crying out in agony at the blood upon our hands. I have tried elsewhere to show that we have not leaped a sudden-yawning chasm into the present war, but that it was the natural development of our present system of life as truly as a fruit is the natural development of a blossom. Militarism is the militant factory. The factory—by factory I mean of course our whole industrial system—is our educational system at work. These are the three cars in the train of the modern world. All are coupled together, rushing on together at the same speed, with militarism in front, the factory in the middle, and our educational system as the engine pushing them on from behind. Is there one intelligent person who does not see that the present catastrophe is the wreck not of the first car only, but of the whole train? To-day we sicken at the trenches and would fain forget the work of our hands. To-morrow we will discover the second wreck, and the next day the third. Then possibly, in the light of this tremendous syllogism which spells out the utter failure of our civilization, we shall come upon

the cause of it all, that for the sake of speed and more speed and still more speed we have thrown into the furnace not only the coal of life, but the landscape, even the engineer. For that is precisely what we have done, and the present war is only the horrible message spelled out in blood: for efficiency we have neglected character, for the almighty dollar we are destroying man.

What, then, is our duty in the light of these facts? First, to quash the indictment against the kaiser and against Germany (and, if our German brothers say so, against England and Russia) and against militarism and against our "barbarous industrial system," and accept service on ourselves as the builders of an educational system that is a splendid success if the world is a factory, but a monstrous failure if it should happen to be more than that. Then, having taken this step, without which no progress is possible, we are back at the cross-roads whence the second path leads up over the mountains. We are facing away from industry toward life, and are ready to march on from literacy to education, from information to unfoldment. Our eyes are open to the place of work and to the place of the moralities. We are ready to ad-

mit that to get along with people is an essential part of education, that to know what is right is quite as important as to know what is true. We are ready to supplement manual training with man training, willing to add to efficiency of production efficiency of understanding. When we have found us teachers capable of making these things clear, we shall have gone far toward making war impossible and peace worth while.